

HIT PARADER

BEATLES MEET
THE BRITISH PRESS

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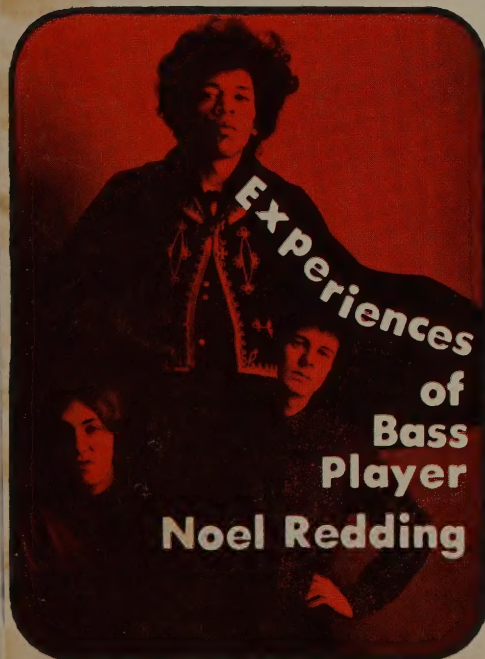
A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

JANUARY

JUDY COLLINS



the LADIES in WAITING



Experiences
of
Bass
Player
Noel Redding

Donovan on
Movies & Music

Traffic on
Mr. Fantasy

Richard Harris talks
about Jim Webb

The story of
Spanky & Our Gang

Little Richard
Country Joe &
The Fish



PIECE OF MY HEART
STREET FIGHTING MAN
HARPER VALLEY P.T.A.
REVOLUTION
MOM CAN I TALK TO YOU
TO WAIT FOR LOVE
SIX MAN BAND • HUSH
WHO IS GONNA LOVE ME
I WISH IT WOULD RAIN
SOUNDS OF GOODBYE
HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT
IF LOVE IS IN YOUR HEART
NATURALLY STONED
HEY JUDE
INDIAN RESERVATION
THAT KIND OF WOMAN
I'VE GOTTA GET A
MESSAGE TO YOU
I CAN'T DANCE TO THAT
MUSIC YOU'RE PLAYING
FOOL ON THE HILL
GIRLS CAN'T DO WHAT
THE GUYS DO

RECORDING COMPANIES & BLUES BUSINESS
The Band BEHIND BOB DYLAN
AUTO
SALVAGE
SHORTY LONG
BOBBY TAYLOR

PICTURES I HEAR

GRANNY'S GOSSIP

SHOPPING BAG

PLATTER CHATTER

THE SCENE

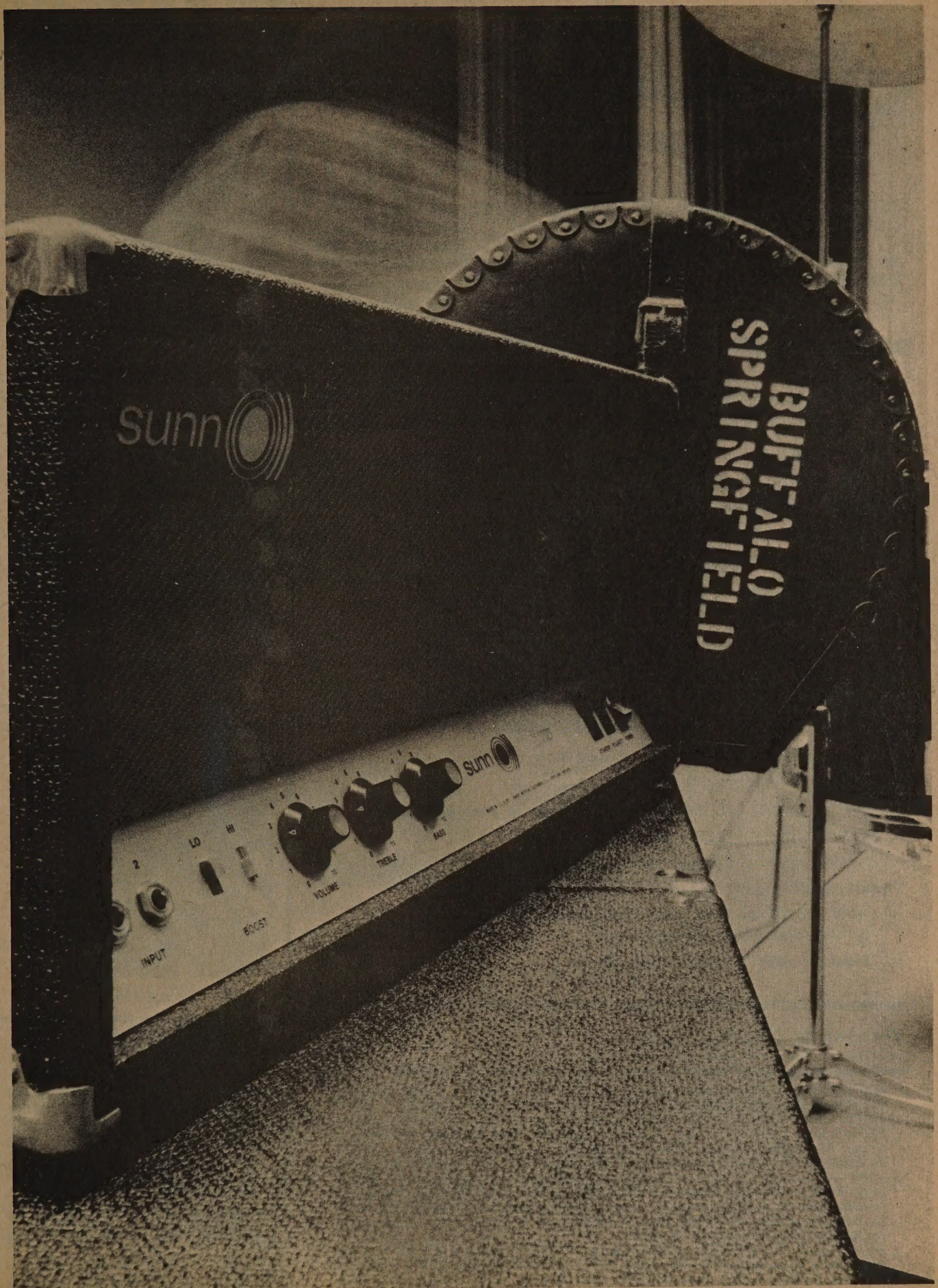
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Electric Guitar	35.0	25.3
Drums	32.7	12.7
Organ	25.8	11.7
Harmonica	21.6	19.5
Clarinet	11.1	8.1
Accordion	7.5	5.0
Trumpet	7.4	4.8
Ukelele	6.9	4.6
Violin	5.1	3.1
Saxophone	4.7	2.7
Banjo	4.2	2.6
Tam borine	3.9	2.5
Flute	2.3	1.4
Bass	1.3	0.7
Others	10.1	6.2

COMING SOON
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hit Parader....

JAN. 1969

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PARADE OF SONG HITS

• THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT



By Aretha Franklin

• STREET FIGHTING MAN



By The Rolling Stones

• WHO IS GONNA LOVE ME



By Dionne Warwick

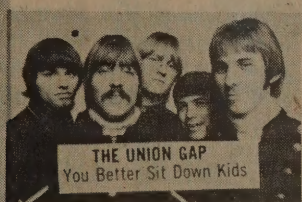
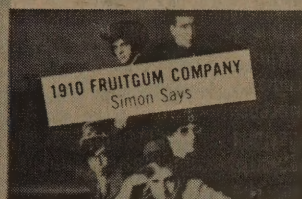
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.....
COMPLETE
SONG INDEX
ON PAGE 28**

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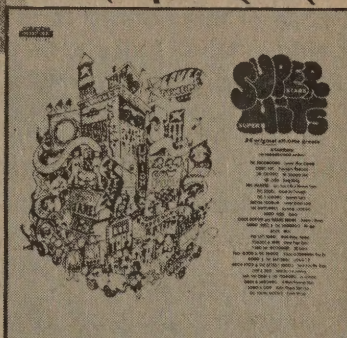
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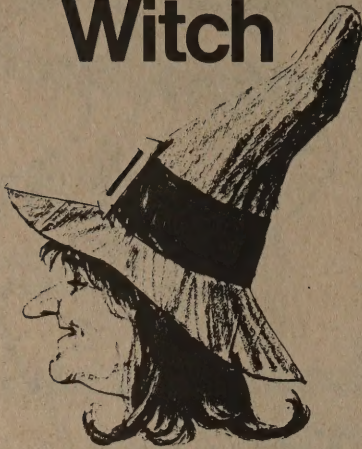
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the scene



FM Rock Tragedy in New York

We all know that in recent months rock stations with excellent formats have sprung up around the country, particularly on FM. WOR-FM in New York, is about the first such station.

It began in the early summer of '66. I found this new rock station on FM, and it attracted me because there were no DJs. It was then like a typical top 40 station, but the lack of interruptions by loud mouthed announcers and the lack of commercials kept me listening.

By late summer, disc jockeys started to appear, and I was opposed to this. But it soon became apparent that they were not like conventional announcers. They aired absolutely everything that was well done. They went all out in trying to provide the best entertainment for its listeners. In New York, top 40 stations don't play anything. If it has a little bit of philosophy in it they won't play it until it gets to the top ten. For instance people who listen to such radio have never heard of Jimi Hendrix, Cream, the Mothers, Country Joe, Moby Grape or the like. The only time they'd air an album was when it was by the Monkees. They wouldn't even air the Youngbloods' "Get Together." They also didn't air Jefferson Airplane's "Ballad Of You and Me," claiming it was over 4 minutes. But they readily aired that Victor Lundberg record which was also over 4 minutes. AM stations are always trying to scoop themselves by getting records first. Sometimes they backfired — like when Mamas and Papas put out "Creeque Alley," this station on AM said they played it first, when actually WOR-FM aired it from the album almost a month and a half before they put the single out.

But WOR-FM was quite different. Its disc jockeys, Johnny Michaels, Scott Muni, Murray the K, and Rosko, were quiet, and played most of the well done music. They aired whole albums, other sides of singles that would not be heard ordinarily, records that never became hits, out of town hits, regional hits, underground sounds, etc. In fact, I don't even know what the short version of "Bluebird" sounds like. They were the only station in the city to air Hendrix, Cream and the others.

The only commercials they gave were new album releases, clothing stores, radio stores, rock concerts, etc. They only had a seven second advertisement on TV and on a small station at that. Also one or two posters throughout the entire subway system.

Their announcers never needlessly bothered everyone with the call letters of the station, but gave it once every half hour, in compliance with FCC regulations.

Take Scott Muni. Every Sunday he would play the top ten records in England. He would also air the #1 records in other foreign countries. On Saturday we would be treated to an hour of old records from his collection.

Rosko delighted in reading poetry, which everybody loved. He also played Ravi Shankar, and made up phrases to promote the station, like "Great Ninety Eight, point seven." Late at night he would always air long blues album cuts, like the Blues Project of old. Rosko also aired Hendrix frequently.

Then there was Murray the K. His show was much varied in format. At 8 he would have what he called a record review board, where he would play six new releases and ask people to call a number and vote for the one they liked the best. In this way we, the listeners, selected what we wanted to hear, instead of some program director.

For instance, in N.Y., "Dandelion" (The Stones) was released instead of "We Love You." WOR listeners voted for the better side — "We Love You," and they aired that more often than they did "Dandelion."

At 10 he would play full albums, preferably new releases, this section was pre-recorded. But the heart of the show was his interviews. They were not just for ten minutes, but three and four hours long. Murray had a lot of connections, and could get almost anyone.

Among his guests were Frank Zappa (who personally endorsed the station as being a non-ugly radio station), Janis Ian (WOR was the only station in the country that aired Society's Child when

(continued on page 51)

BECAUSE YOU DEMANDED IT!!!

THE MAGAZINE
THAT HAD TO
HAPPEN....

*

GIANT 80 PAGES
OF THE BEST IN
ENTERTAINMENT



HIT PARADER YEARBOOK

**BEST SONGS OF
THE YEAR**

*

SUPERSTARS

*

STARS of TOMORROW


**RECORD LISTINGS
MUSICANS SHOPPING GUIDE**



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The Young Rascals
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Dear Editor:

Barrett Hansen's article in the September HP (happy 50th issue) was the kind that I hope you will have more of in the future. Somewhat surprisingly, your magazine has managed to stay abreast of what's happening, despite the rapid changes in contemporary music in the last three years (or even the last three months). And, you have not forgotten the roots from whence comes today's music.

Mr. Hansen examines the term "Tex-Mex" and comes to the conclusion that only a few tunes and artists are in that bag. Nevertheless, it is a music which has had an important part to play in the modern music scene.

It might be proper to call this music, Southwestern rock and roll, or country rock, instead of Tex-Mex. All the early followers of Elvis Presley, such as Buddy Holly, Eddie Cochran, Roy Orbison, and Conway Twitty, had country roots. Elvis sounded almost Negro when he sang complete with jazzy sax and piano. But he was something special, not only being a country boy with soul, but also a tremendous mimic with hip city producers. All the others had was a hankering for fame, and varying amounts of natural talent. Most of the imitators of the imitator fell by the wayside, with only Holly and Orbison holding a place among the notables.

But Mr. Hansen lightly passes over what has happened to the proponents of country rock. Holly and Cochran have died, Twitty, Jerry Lee Lewis and even the King have turned to straight country. Two of the Crickets, Glen Hardin, and Sonny Curtis, have taken to working with such creative forces as Gary Lewis. The only person who carried the Tex-Mex sound further along was Bobby Fuller of El Paso, Texas. Born in East Texas, he, like Holly, worshiped Elvis and patterned his singing after Presley, although his actual voice was in between Holly and Elvis. However, the isolated position of El Paso and the influence of the not-so-distant West Coast modified Fuller's country twang and instrumental back-up. He showed how Buddy Holly might have sounded ten years later.

The Bobby Fuller Four had a clean, tight sound. Whereas Buddy Holly and the Crickets sounded enthusiastic, but a bit unprofessional. Fuller's Four, with Jim Reese leading the group through its intricate interplay of instruments, must be considered as the epitome of country rock groups.

There is no telling what Bobby Fuller would have come up with if he had not died, under mysterious circumstances, in 1966. It is sad to watch Southwestern kids aping English groups like the Stones, Who, and the Beatles who copied much of their stage material from Southwestern artists. Perhaps this is why most of the new groups sound so artificial. They disregard entirely the lessons which can be learned by studying early rock. You can't be great if you don't have a good foundation. I'm not saying a group should play "Peggy Sue" for the rest of their careers, but remember that today is made up of yesterday as well as tomorrow.

Robert Chavez
109-B Pioneer
Sheppard AFB, Texas

Dear Editor:

I disagree with your opinion of the Rolling Stones' album, "Satanic Majesties Request." Although my initial opinion of the album was hazy, I now find it to be their best release so far. The Stones have always been my favorite group, and I think their new album best displays the immense talent they have. It seems to me that a large part of your criticism stems from the fact that you try to compare the "noise" of this album to that of other albums, such as "Sgt. Pepper" by the Beatles, an album you call the "monument of modern noise." You then conclude that the "noise" of the Stones' album is "grating and repetitious."

As you already know, it is extremely difficult to judge the Rolling Stones' album by first impressions. You realized this problem when you hastily called "Aftermath" bad and subsequently changed your mind. The Stones at first glance do appear superficial in their music; it always seems initially they are

attempting techniques that they are incapable of. But the beauty of the Stones, the quality I feel places them right at the top, is their acute insight into the very dynamics of music. Not too often, though, is this ability seen on the surface of their music. In this respect they differ from a great group such as the Beatles. It is practically impossible to listen to the Beatles the first time and not immediately be overcome with the magnificent quality of the music and the ingenuity of the people. But it is as equally rewarding to probe into the depths of the Rolling Stones' music and experience the tremendous satisfaction which accompanies their artistry.

"Their Satanic Majesties Request" is the best example of the Stones' mood music. I severely disagree with the statement that the album lacks continuity. The songs blend perfectly with each other, and although each song has its distinct identity, it seems as if each side is a single work. "Like A Rainbow," Bill Wyman's "In Another Land," and "2000 Man" are truly pleasant, beautiful songs. The lyrics are tremendous and the arrangements are structurally simple but very effective. "Citadel," "Lantern," and "2000 Light Years" possess the haunting quality that the Stones have previously used in such songs as "Play With Fire" and "Paint It Black," but the arrangements are much further developed. Mick's voice has never been better or more convincing than in these songs. It's hard to understand "Gomper" and "Sing This All Together — See What Happens" unless you really let yourself get involved in the highly experimental music. I think they both come across very well. The music never becomes boring because the long instrumental passages build up to several chilling climaxes and the tension is augmented by extremely precise musical innovations. "Sing This All Together" might be compared to the opening song of "Sgt. Pepper," not musically, but in its basic function as an introduction to the album. "On With The Show" is an excellent idea to complete the album, and it features a brilliant harp passage

by Brian Jones.

I don't believe the Stones need anyone to tell them, "that's enough," and I'm happy to see them producing their own records. This album would have never been possible if they had been subject to the restrictive nature of the producer. I feel it is essential to listen to this album many times to obtain a reasonable understanding of the great depth it actually has. This album is the Stones at their best. Never before have they displayed so much imagination and artistic creativity. A word on the cover; if you look carefully you can see the Beatles' faces in the neighboring flowers.

To conclude, I think your magazine is the best on the contemporary music scene. Print more articles on the Doors. I think they, the Stones, and the Beatles are the three best groups in pop music. "Strange Days" is a fantastic album. The Doors are as solid instrumentally as anyone, and they are master songwriters. Morrison is a dynamic personality and his voice is extremely powerful. I hope they keep receiving the publicity they deserve.

Joe Reecht
Box 4446
University, Miss.

Dear Editor:

I suppose people might consider me quite a "head" if I started this letter with a blowing chop to the Monkees' furry stomach, but instead I'll withdraw to this opening. I personally dislike any Monkeeing around music but, I still feel they're probably as human as everyone else and entitled to do the "Monkeething," whatever it is, right?

Well, anyway, let's change the subject to the good music of today. First, in September issue "Pictures I Hear", Brigitta seems to be more behind than the Monkees. Ringo doesn't even sing "Lady Madonna." I think only people on Mars don't realize that Paul is vocal on the song. She also states that she has heard unfavorable rumblings of Bob Dylan's new album. Was she listening to a goat's stomach af-

(continued on page 64)

DONOVAN

The Wind Rises And The Tide Goes Out



At the office, off Berkeley Square, of "international" Beatles press officer Tony Barrow, they were organizing "instant" interviews with Donovan. Like most writers I have a horror of these — mainly because you get ma-

chine made answers — but, as it turned out, I needn't have been apprehensive.

Tony Barrow, in shirt sleeves and perspiring, greets me with "We are, of course, running behind schedule. Will about fourteen minutes do?" I

hold out for fourteen and a half and am offered a consoling cup of coffee.

After a few minutes I am ushered into a vast office where, in one corner, Donovan is sheltering with a photographer kneeling on one knee before



him, requesting: "Just one more and 'a big smile, please.'"

Wearing his white knitted sweater and open necked shirt Don looked as though he might be opening the bowling but left it to me to toss one up.

"I always thought you were against publicists," I ventured.

"I've handled it myself for a long while," agreed Don, "but what I really need is someone to say a polite 'no' for me." No one knows better than Tony how to do that after so many "request denied" on behalf of the Beatles.

"A publicist can really make an artist respected if it is done the right way," continued Don. "Tony and I are having talks about it."

Adopting my best questioning manner I asked Don if he was disap-

pointed that his excellent "Flower To A Garden" album had not made the charts.

"Not really," said Don, "it sold a great many in America and it is one of those double albums which could go on selling for a long while.

"I don't really make hit albums. I don't really make hit singles with that intention.

"I really write purely for myself and the few friends about me and hope that others will like it too. Most of my songs are about people I know."

"For example I've just written one about Nicholas Nickleby The Magical Chauffeur who is my driver. It just happens that some of these songs sound like hit records in the opinion

of people like Mickie Most who chooses most of my singles.

"I sing for the fun of singing. There is too much in show business which is stuffed and unreal - I can't work like that."

When life gets too show businessy for him Don withdraws to somewhere like Greece or into the heart of the countryside, where he has his little hideaway cottage.

The peace and tranquility of that little retreat was rudely shattered recently when Don heard what appeared to be several amplifiers going full blast in the woods about him.

That turned out to be a "knees-up" in a barn nearby, but such events rarely disturb his peace.

One of Donovan's forthcoming attractions includes a projected color TV



series for BBC 2 by enterprising producer Stanely Dortmann.

"There is so much still to do with color TV," said Don. "We're only just beginning here and I think it's an exciting medium to work in. I'd love to see what the Japanese could do with their color sense and design.

"I'd like to do a little location work in the series and illustrate some of my songs like 'The Magpie' and 'Window With Shawl' in the country and at the sea."

One French artist has already seen the possibilities of the graphic description in Don's songs and wants to draw a cartoon film for one of his new compositions called, "Voyage To The Moon." That would be a short film to be made later this year.

Apart from people, I asked Don where

else he drew his inspiration from. "I never write at the time of day when everyone else is up and about," he admitted. "I like the quiet parts of the day in the early morning and late evening when you can sit and watch things happen slowly. Just sit and watch the night draw on or the sun going down.

"All the really beautiful things happen so slowly that we hardly ever see them — the clouds, the tides, birds, the wind rising. All things are fascinating and inspiring if you only give yourself the time to watch. It's at those times I get my inspiration."

Is Don at all worried that he might lose his musical identity as he dabbles in jazz and Indian styles with Arab musicians — not to mention the or-

chestral pieces on stage?

"No, because it's not serious," smiled Don. "I don't think of myself seriously as a jazz singer — it's just a bit of fun. Me, is just myself and my guitar....is now and ever shall be."

Leaping in with an unspoken amen Tony smiled from his desk: "May I stop you here, if that is a convenient point?"

"Have I had fourteen and a half minutes?" I countered.

"Twenty-three actually," retorted Tony.

"This is beginning to make me feel quite important," smiled Don as the next in line came through the door and I exited. As instant interviews go I thought it was quite a pleasant one. □ Keith Altham (Latest album/ Donovan In Concert — Epic)

Big Pink is one of those middle class ranch houses, the type that you would expect to find in development row in the heart of suburbia rather than on an isolated mountaintop high above the barn architecture of New York State's rustic Woodstock. When the band moved into Big Pink in the spring of 1967, the house looked as if it had been tenanted by little more than a housewife with a dustmop who only crossed its threshold once a week to clean it. The band, of course, had spent its six previous years living in hotels, motels, rooming houses, bus stations, airport terminals and the back seats of newly wrecked cars, and what the band brought to Big Pink was the dust of the road. But then that's the story of how the band got to be the band.

"We've played everywhere from Molasses, Texas, to Timmins, Canada, which is a mining town about 100 miles from the tree line," explains guitarist Robbie Robertson. "We've played such far-out places that I couldn't even begin to tell you about them. We played towns and joints and places that were 85 per cent Oklahoma Indian. We played places where the people didn't come to hear you, they came to mess with you. They'd flick cigarette butts at you, throw money at you and steal your things. If you got past that, then they'd listen to you."

For a musician, the dust of the road becomes part of your skin. It gets into your hair, your nose, your eyes, your mouth, your voice and you music. When Robbie Robertson talks about Molasses, Texas, and Timmins, Canada, he isn't boasting about the grime embedded in his pores; he's merely verbalizing the stories that his guitar has to tell. There was the time the band went into the shantytown of Helena, Arkansas, to pay homage to Sonny Boy Williamson, 70 years old, with a white goatee and tuberculosis, six-foot-three and spitting blood into a can on the floor next to him. He got the band drunk on corn liquor and played with them until the police ran them out of town. "The cops couldn't understand what we were doing there," Robertson remembers. "You have to realize that this is near a place where they had hung thirteen spades from a water tower a few years back."

There was the time the band played Fort Worth, Texas, working in a gangster-owned club that had been bombed, burned, gassed, and robbed so often that nobody even bothered to lock it up at night. "We had to wear guns and take turns staying up through the night to guard our equipment," Robertson remembers. "One night the police came busting in with dogs. The dogs nearly got us, and we nearly got the dogs. The next night, someone shot off a tear gas bomb in the club. It stunk up the place for four days. As we were playing,

The Band **BEHIND DYLAN AND "BIG PINK"**



the people would come in and their eyes would tear up."

At 24, Robertson could be considered the leader of the band, if the band bothered itself with such considerations. They've been together too long not to know what each one has to do without needing someone to tell him. "There are five of us," says Richard Manuel, who plays the piano, writes some of the songs, and does most of the singing, "but we think like one." Just as the band has rubbed elbows in the same road dust, it has drawn its water from the same well. Like Robertson and Manuel, two other members of the band come from Canada. Rick Danko, who plays bass guitar, was born the son of a woodcutter in the Canadian tobacco belt village of Simcoe, where he grew up

listening to the "grand old opry" on a wind-up victrola and a battery radio. "We didn't have any electricity," he explains, "until I was ten."

Garth Hudson, who plays organ, had started out planning to attend agricultural college until a photograph of his uncle playing trombone in a danceband led him into the study of music theory and harmony. "By the time I was thirteen," he says, "I was the only one in London, Ontario, who knew how to play rock and roll."

The only American in the band is drummer Levon Helm, the son of a sharecropper from the South Arkansas Delta country. Actually, Helm was the first member of the band to join. "I was in my last year in high school when I got



drunk one night at the Delta Supper Club in Helena," he says. "Ronnie Hawkins was playing there. I went up and asked him to let me sit in with the drums. I had a job in three weeks."

From Toronto, Ronnie Hawkins had been barnstorming through Canada and the states, leaving a trail of local hit records behind him. Those were the days when rock and roll was still called rhythm and blues. Out of the void between them came that spontaneous combustion of country soul and city flash known as Rockabilly. Paced by the camel walk, inspired by the southern Rabbit Minstrel shows and with an excitement that now leaves musicians at a loss to describe him, other than calling him "a white James Brown." Ronnie Hawkins became a pioneer, a legend and a king of Rockabilly. At his peak, he had three hit records that sold over a million each. One by one the members of the band gravitated to him, and, one by one, he hired them, until it was Ronnie Hawkins and the Hawks.

"We played on bills with Conway Twitty, Carl Perkins, Jerry Lee Lewis, Warren Smith, and Little Richard," says Robertson. "At one point, when I was about eighteen we had been in it long enough and knew enough, and we were playing hard, fast and tight. We knew how wicked it was, because there was no dancing around — we were out there for blood — at that point, everything in our lives changed."

One day three years later, the band quit Ronnie Hawkins to go on their own. "Ronnie didn't hire everybody because they were cute kids," says Robertson. "He took pride in being able to spot people on their potential." At the end, Hawkins had been paying the band \$150 a week each. On their own, they had to take turns stealing from supermarkets to have enough to eat. "We played four prima donna months," remembers Helm.

Then, in the summer of 1965, the band took a job playing at a night club in the seashore resort of Somers Point, New Jersey. "We'd barely heard of Bob Dylan, but somehow he had heard of us, says Helm. "We were lolling in the sand when he phoned us and said, 'You wanna play Hollywood Bowl?' So we asked him who else was gonna be on the show. 'Just us,' he said."

With Dylan, from Molasses, Texas, to Timmins, Canada, came such road dust stops as Stockholm, Cardiff, Copenhagen, Paris, Glasgow, Sydney, Dublin, and the Royal Albert Hall in London. Eventually, some members of the band also played with Dylan on his *Blonde on Blonde* album. It was with Dylan that the band found maturity. "It turned out to be a whole dynamic experience. He was sailing. We were sailing. We did it until we couldn't do it any more. We went all over the place until finally it was about to burst. We were so exhausted that everybody said this was

a time of rest. When we went up to Woodstock, we stopped listening to music for a year. We didn't listen to anything but what you didn't have to listen to, like opera. That's why we couldn't play things like the Monterey Pop Festival. We weren't — we aren't looking for blood any more. We're just looking for music."

It was after Dylan's motorcycle accident that the band moved up to Woodstock to play music and write songs with him. Their music was for no one but themselves. A friend found Big Pink for them, in the West Saugerties hills near Woodstock. In the cellar of Big Pink, they set up their equipment and a home recording studio. They became a band of hermit musicians.

"In Woodstock, we would meet in a little diner in the country and would be greeted like a mechanic from down the road," says Robertson. "You feel like you're in the mountains, because you are in the mountains, and you get the feeling you can look down on New York City. The music that we play now — it's mountain music because this place where we are — is the mountains."

If the band has drawn its water from the same well, the water sparkles with clear, cool, country soul. The band sings in the rough-hewn harmonies of honest mountain air. The music from Big Pink has the taste of Red River cereal. It has the consistency of King Biscuit flour. It rings with the new ancient echo of John R, broadcasting from Nashville over Radio Station WLAC, 1510 on the dial, its signal faintly received but eagerly listened to by an audience that took root in Stratford, Ontario, and Elaine, Arkansas, all with the same passion. It is music which comes from a band that has nothing but music to offer. The band doesn't even have a name.

"I suppose a lot of people are going to try to call us Bob Dylan's band, but even he doesn't call us that," says Robertson. "The only name that we do have is the name all our neighbors, friends and people who know us call us. They just call us the band. When we decided to put a record out, the company asked us what we were going to call ourselves, and we told them our names are our Christian names, the names that our parents thought were groovy for us. We told them our friends refer to us as the band, but we don't refer to ourselves."

If the music from Big Pink sounds familiar, the reason is that you might have heard some of it before from Uncle Remus. If it sounds traditional, the reason is that it has nothing to do with fads. If it sounds gritty, the reason is that it's full of road dust. If it sounds real, the reason is that it is. □ fernon bentley (latest album - Music From Big Pink - Capitol)



Joni Mitchell



Laura Nyro

LADIES IN

Linda Ronstadt



Janice Ian

Since Rock 'n' Roll became 'rock,' and 'rock' became too limited a word to embrace all that was happening on the contemporary popular music scene, the dramatic personae of the phenomenon has been largely and understandably dominated by men. It is a well known and much maligned fact that the largest buying audience consists of 12-to-15-year old girls. But teenieboppers and groupies can be pandered to for just so long before an expanded audience of serious music lovers turn their attention to what is indeed music; good, tight, well-executed music. For quite some time the groups have carried the scene and the overwhelming majority of the musicians, quite naturally, were men. Travelling on the road, dealing with cumbersome equipment and electronic technicalities are basically masculine tasks. The concert circuit is a tough trip that few women are up to. There were a few all-girl groups but they were a passing novelty and since the emphasis shifted from charisma or sex appeal and music had to stand on its own - as music - the girl groups didn't last very long. With the male groups there are Janis Joplin and Gracie Slick who are rare and distinctive stylists and Linda Ronstadt who is something less than that, but until recently, very few women composer/musician/vocalists have emerged on their own to claim a genuine place in the realm of contemporary music.

It seems that in the last year there have been a handful of young women, some who have been

around for some time and some who are new and growing, who have come to the surface and sing for themselves. The scope of the new music is continually expanding and redefining itself and the focus again is shifting, as it will tend, to personalities once again. It may well be the time to take serious note of the American pop music distaff.

First and foremost there is, and will always be, Judy Collins. She may well be noted in retrospect as the first lady of music of this era. Her sixth album, *IN MY LIFE*, released over a year ago was the first of many fully orchestrated albums from what had been traditionally folk artists. Judy was one of the girls that had to stand somewhat behind the success of Joan Baez in the folk boom of the late fifties but *IN MY LIFE* elevated her to a distinctive artist in her own right doing something irrevocably hers, irrelevant of any trend. And irrelevant of any trend as *IN MY LIFE* was; it indeed started a trend as other folk artists, notably Joan Baez, followed the lead unsuccessfully with orchestrated albums while the critics begged them all to go back to their guitars. Collins was among the first artists to discover, perform and record poet Leonard Cohen's songs which are among the most requested in her repertoire.

Her second orchestrated album, (her seventh) *WILDFLOWERS*, released around Christmas, 1967, all but surpassed *IN MY LIFE*. Within the exquisite arrangements and thematic coherence of that album were songs from yet two more distinc-



Buffy St. Marie

WAITING

Judy Collins

tive new writers, Joni Mitchell and Judy Collins. Judy's song, *Albatross* has been hailed as "one of the finest art songs of the decade, comparable to the best of Weil."

Her recent engagement at the Troubadour in Los Angeles found her accompanied by several rock musicians. It was a different sound and a different quality for her but in no way did it (or could it) detract from Judy Collins as an individual, as a woman, as an artist. Reliable rumour has it that her next album will include the rock accompanists which will mark her second major departure in musical style since she was known as a folksinger.

Nobody ever laughed when she sat down to play the piano. She was trained as a classical pianist from childhood and probably could have produced *IN MY LIFE* and *WILD-FLOWERS* a good many years ago. But the times, not Judy Collins, were unsophisticated and she had the perseverance to educate her own audience as she built her career.

Collins in performance completely galvanizes an audience. The most impressive attribute she has maintained throughout her career is a gentle feminine elegance in her stage presence, in the beautiful clothing she wears and in her consistently warm delivery of a song, which even in upbeat numbers like Richard Farina's "Hard Lovin' Loser" is always secure, always feminine and almost regal. She was born in Denver, raised out of doors and always looks as if she has been on good terms with the sun, the wind and the rain. Similarly, her music has always reflect-

ed a preoccupation with the natural, the graceful and the steadfast.

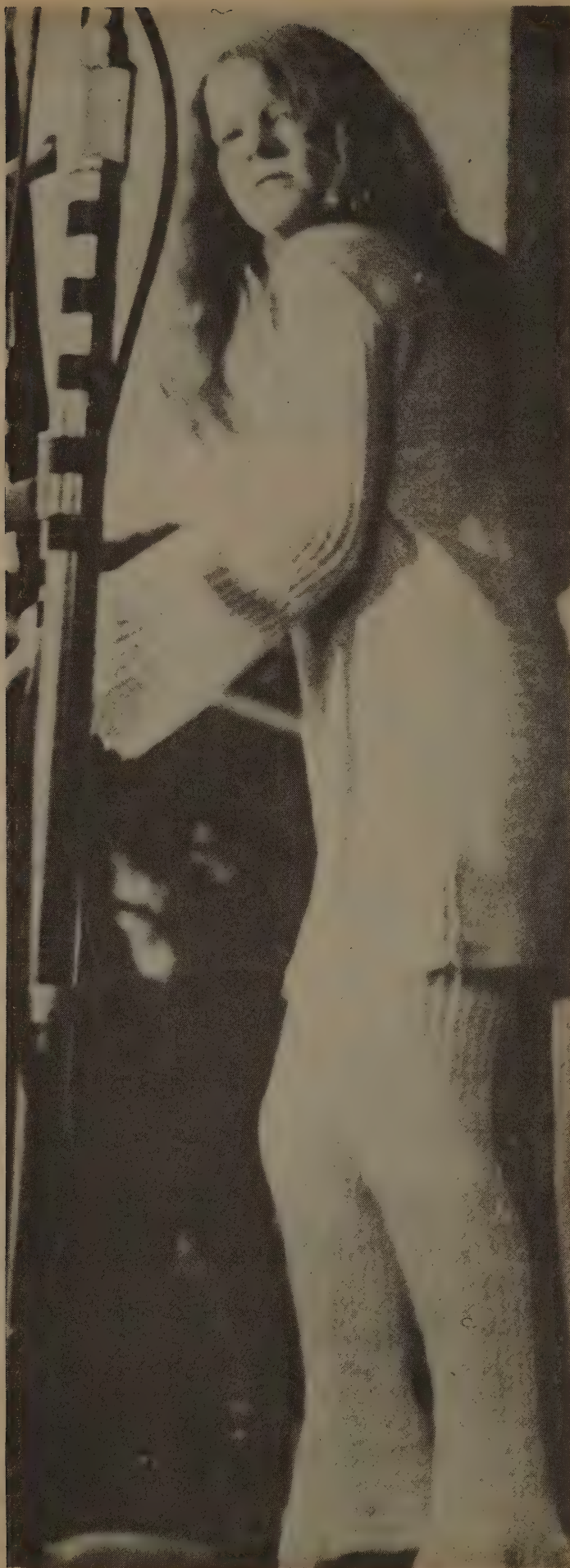
Joni Mitchell was born in the Saskatoon Saskatchewan prairies where the weather varied from 110 in the summer to 40 below zero in the winter. After two years in art school she learned to play the guitar and turned her major artistic efforts to music, though she still paints and decorates with professional skill.

"After my first television show, I was a confirmed ham," she laughed recently and now, many television shows, appearances, concerts, a first album and 3-1/2 years later, her songs have been recorded and performed by Judy Collins, Ian and Sylvia, Harpers Bizzare, Tom Rush, Buffy Ste. Marie, Dave Van Ronk and of course, Joni Mitchell. Her lyrics are crystal clear and poetic; they make as good reading as they do listening and her melodies are simple yet exotic; they carry unintentional undertones of doric and ionic scales. She accompanies herself on the guitar, and all of her songs are in tunings she contrived by changing modal tunings around; she plays the harmonies and sings the melodies.

Her first album is almost entirely without additional accompaniment and does not include her 'standards' such as *Circle Game*, *Both Sides Now* and *Chelsea Mornings* because "They've been done already." She has been convinced, however, by friends and admirers to include them on her next album. Incidentally, the artwork on the



Penny Nichols



cover of her album is her own -- Joni Mitchell is not one to let any of her talents go unused.

She continues to write with increasing musical and poetic sophistication for a larger and more responsive audience than the underground following she has accumulated in her past few years of performing. Everyone who hears Joni Mitchell for the first time has the feeling they have discovered something. She is most deserving of the recent accolades she has inspired. She's been a long time emerging, a long time perfecting and long awaited by the many who welcome and enjoy truly beautiful, unadorned music.

Laura Nyro is a New York girl, born and raised in the Bronx where she was influenced by the only indigenous music of New York: soul, R&B, city blues and street gospel. She sang with her Negro and Puerto Rican neighbors, thriving on their sound until she began writing her own music. She started by re-writing lyrics to songs already popular and branched out to compose her own songs, drawing freely and creatively from her childhood sources. She injected highly contemporary and heavily emotional themes and undertones from her own life, extending her imagination to develop a heavy lyric sense. The songs tell stories with fragments and reveal fragmented associations within the stories, crossreferencing, double taking and returning to the source of inspiration making a complete musical cycle within a structure. The beat cooks and cooks as the song throws the listener into a mental as well as a physical dance. Her voice soars and stops, weeps and begs and exclaims. Many of the songs are celebrations of conflict and pain but they ring with life and joy. Her range is astounding and her musical sense impeccable. Without any formal training in music, Laura Nyro is one of the most sophisticated composers and vocalists around.

Her first album, **MORE THAN A NEW DISCOVERY**, was highly polished rock and roll. Her second a more individual contribution, still relied heavily on soul and rock but the songs are finer, more appropriately arranged and considerably more articulate. She is currently working on her third album and from all indications it should reflect yet another level of perfection as she is working for the first time with her own band instead of studio musicians.

Laura has an intensely devoted professional following (other recording artists, producers and journalists) and is just on the verge of breaking out with an audience at large with her second album, **ELI AND THE 13TH CONFESSION**, and her latest single **Save the Country**. Her first single **Wedding Bell Blues**, b/w **Stoney End** was a breakout hit on the West Coast and other scattered areas in the summer of '67. Several later singles precipitated even less attention until the Fifth Dimension recorded one of her more recent songs, **Stoned Soul Picnic** which was a major hit in the summer of '68. Instant and volatile successes are a continuing phenomenon in the world of pop music, but are treacherously temporary and generally without sufficient foundation to sustain. Laura Nyro, who is all of 20 has been building her music for two years to achieve a sound to her satisfaction. Now that she has reached that artistic milestone her career only begins -- and begins monumentally.

Although I am not a devout fan of Buffy Ste. Marie (the qualities most people admire, the brittle craggyness of her voice and the rawness of her style tend to irritate me) in all critical fairness I must admit that I admire, if not enjoy her music. It might be well to note at this point that all journalists who write about music; critics, reviewers and editors are merely people who listen to a lot of music with a moderately enlightened understanding, and know how to put down on paper what they like and dislike and why. Music critics are individuals talking about their own personal taste -- no more, no less. It is up to the audience at large to pass final critical judgement on any artist and in this respect Buffy Ste. Marie is indisputably successful and well established as one of the most important women in contemporary music. She has had the courage to attempt and the diligence to consummate every creative idea that has ever occurred to her. Her later albums reflect exploitation of completely diverse musical foundations, as opposed to her earlier work which was basically topical, folk and pretty picture love songs. The latest Buffy Ste. Marie Album, **I'M GOING TO BE A COUNTRY GIRL AGAIN**, has her in Nashville with top country music accompanists and features a warm easy country feeling. Her delivery is somewhat toned down, more

mellow, throwing the songs into clearer focus than the singer. All of which would indicate moderation in an artist of less ambition. Having heard the unmixed tapes of her next album -- it is an electronic aberration, strange and somewhat scary -- I am convinced that there is virtually no limit to her imagination or her virtuosity.

In retrospect, it is perhaps unfortunate that the suppressed but eventual recognition of Janis Ian as a prodigy caused so much acclaim when Leonard Bernstein plucked her full blown from his television show and announced the arrival of a star. She was sixteen at the time and had to live up to it. It seems unfair to ask a teenager to go through creative growing pains before an audience. Her best songs are indeed brilliant but she is inconsistent and already shows signs of a musical identity crisis. Janis is an exceptionally acute individual, emotionally, intellectually and, at her best, musically. She has no compunction whatsoever about speaking her mind, however opinionated she might sound at times. She has been known to insult a disc jockey on the air for being ignorant, (and she was right) to interview reporters asking her questions and has thus gained a reputation for being fresh. If she were 21, they would call her glib, but she is 17 and they call her a fresh kid. Her performances lately have been strained; she seems to be trying too hard and has temporarily lost her first and unerring instinct to communicate her feelings. Instead she demonstrates her talent, which is unquestionably there, and more important it is only her profuse beginnings that one hears. When she is able, for whatever reason, to be comfortable as an artist, to ignore her own precocity and simply write and sing what and how she feels instead of what she has figured out, she will again astound her originally enthusiastic audience, which has now grown just a bit skeptical.

I had been hearing about Penny Nichols for a good year from several people who can be counted among the musical underground cogniscenti. (Yes, Virginia, there are hip games, too). Each one of them raved about her, apparently her very few appearances had been stunning. It developed, upon further investigation, that each and every one of the Penny Nichols fans

had heard her in her California home and had walked away incoherent, unable to explain the ecstatic response.

When her first album was released I went to buy it. What a disappointment! True, she was refreshing, her songs showed promise and there was something unfailingly pleasant and terribly engaging about every sound she made. But nothing distinctive at all. I put the album in the library and made a mental note to watch carefully for the next one and lay the blame accordingly. Here was an artist, I surmised, that had recorded, at best, too soon.

But there is something about her music that made it impossible to ignore or forget about completely, though I never listened to the album again. Like the thought of a summertime seascape on a snowy city day she hangs in one's conscious, an improbable promise. Then I met her. And understood why.

The moment Penny Nichols opens her mouth to smile, to talk or to sing, one's first impulse is to laugh out loud. She has an almost tangible radiance about her, which is completely unaffected and an elusive, optimistic impudence about her, in everything she does. Tapes of her latest songs show her to be growing at an astonishing rate both as a composer and a singer. Regardless of her musical naivete, which may be her most valuable asset, she is not afraid to take chances with changes, rhythms and range and she has completely overcome any strain on her naturally lyrical voice which is evident in that first rather inauspicious album. To specify or try to describe her songs at this point would serve no purpose but if you have the opportunity to hear her, by all means treat yourself.

She is saying something hard to put into words. Her presence, smiling and irrepressable transcends whatever it is she is doing or being at the moment. It is something like "enjoy yourself, just be remembering you are alive and have feelings, whether they be happy or sad..." that she communicates, insistently and openly. Her remarks go something like "There is only one song to sing and there aren't any words for it. Finding those words is what I am about to do." Penny Nichols will undoubtedly be one of the most prominent American girls in music and having heard her, the question of 'when' seems irrelevant.



Judy Collins, Joni Mitchell, Buffy Sainte-Marie, Laura Nyro, Janis Ian and Penny Nichols are only six of the most intriguing young women that seem to define what seems to be a genuine female contingent of the contemporary music hierarchy. They are representative in that they are each in various stages of prominence at the moment. This sampling is not intended to be an inclusive one nor could it have honestly included Aretha Franklin, Dionne Warwick or any of the great ladies of soul music which is way ahead of any other type of music in generating and elevating its brilliant women.

But here are six and there will be more. In the hills of California live young girls like Kathy Smith and Estraya Barricini whose music is a consistent topic of excited conversation in creative circles. They are watched over and encouraged by friends and neighbors who are all musicians or writers or producers and the hipper personal man-

agers who await their readiness to record. And as the lull in the rock scene becomes a calm, the screeching tones down to let poetry through, the ladies of music can be seen and heard after waiting in the wings, obscured by amplifiers for so long. And onto a stage steps Judy Collins, enriched by time and experience, grandly introducing her musicians. Joni Mitchell with an acoustic guitar, long blonde hair, staunch athletic beauty and exquisitely composed songs is booked from coast to coast at present. Laura Nyro will have audiences on their feet as she grasps a microphone and wails. College audiences are still applauding wildly as Buffy Sainte-Marie leaves the stage after three encores. Janis Ian, hopefully will not have to bear the label of society's prodigy much longer, and Penny Nichols, when the time has come for her to emerge, will leave a room full of people misty and smiling and liking each other a little bit more. □ellen sander

The Giant **LITTLE RICHARD**



The first rock album I ever bought was an orange-yellow creation on the Specialty record label called "Here's Little Richard," a title at once simple and ambitious. And there he was on the cover, hair mounting in a neat but massive wave, perspiration contouring his face into a pebbly texture, his mouth stretched open to expose 20 (count 'em 20) teeth and the furthest regions of his palate. A pin joining the ends of his collar under his tie dates the album in the 1950's, but the sounds inside the LP remain timeless.

I still have that album, not the same one but my second or third copy and I need to buy another one soon if I can find it. They seem to wear out, not because of inferior

construction but because they are addictive. "Here's Little Richard" is one of the best rock albums from the last decade, a fountainhead of material and style and excitement whose repercussions are still affecting rock performers. Mitch Ryder made a career out of imitating him and hordes of new blues groups are just discovering his songs.

If I had an idol during my high school days, Little Richard was it. His trademark was a scream and I spent hours studying and memorizing the screams on his records. Nearly every song had a wail or a bellow or a holler in the middle of its instrumental break and no two screams were similar. Just like snowflakes. And I was fascinated by his voice, a raspy, unruly instru-

ment which would curl into an unexpected falsetto on the ends of lines. He was the wildest of the wildmen, playing and singing with one foot on top of the instrument in "The Girl Can't Help It," gasping for air and choking out words at the end of a breathless recorded version of "Jenny Jenny."

Little Richard began life as Richard Penniman, born into a family of 11 other children, Dec. 5, 1935, in Macon, Georgia, the home town of two other prominent rhythm and blues performers: James Brown and Otis Redding. The liner notes of his first album describe a Horatio Alger story of singing for pennies on street corners and investing the money in piano lessons. He also sang in a church group, an influence

which left as marked an imprint on his singing style as it has on the similarly gospel-grounded Sam Cooke, Lou Rawls and Aretha Franklin. He became Little Richard at age 8, entering a talent show under that name (he won). His album says he joined a traveling medicine show at the age of fourteen, singing, dancing and playing piano and selling herb tonic for \$2 a night.

Eventually he split the medicine show and went on his own. "I had my own band," he remembers, "I was packing houses, making tours, but nobody knew me. Every night in different cities. I was playing for high schools and Elks Clubs and barn dances." During this period, he recorded eight songs which were later issued on RCA

Camden, but none of them contained the fire of his later performances and none caused any stir. Then he sent a tape of a song called "Wondering" to Specialty Records, where it fell into the hands of Bumps Blackwell, a band leader and producer who had worked with Sonny Knight and the Chimes for Specialty. "I don't know where Richard recorded this tape," Blackwell recalls, "but all I could hear was his voice and all those church turns (gospel-style phrasing). . . . and at that time there were no gospel singers who would sing any pop. I told the head of Specialty, 'This cat's a gospel singer.' He said, 'No he ain't. That's Little Richard.'"

"So I went down to New Orleans to meet Richard. When I got down there this cat was at the distributors' and the distributor said, 'Hey, man, this boy's down here waiting for you.' When I walked in this cat had this little shirt cut off to here (he gestures midway up his arm), hair waved, hair up to here (his hand floats half a foot over his head). I say, 'They sent me all the way down here, okay, we're going to the studio.'"

"We go to the studio and cut three or four tunes. And this studio was no bigger than this room right here." This room right here is a normal size motel room, somewhat smaller than the control room for most studios. "Richard's voice was so big that when he hit that mike the needles went like this (this is indicated by arching fist which smacks into his palm)."

"So over here in the corner was a piece of cardboard, and we couldn't let him sing this way into the mike. I had to make him sing across the cardboard facing this wall. I had Lee Allen and those cats blowing. The piano mike was picking up the saxophone and the baritone was blowing into the piano. And you can imagine when this cat started screaming what was happening. And when he plays the piano and screams, well forget it."

"We cut about four or five numbers and then we went to get something to eat. And when we went to get something to eat, boy, was I worried, asking, 'What am I going to do?' 'Cause we didn't have anything. These sweet numbers didn't have that thing. They were great, but they didn't have that thing, see? We went over to this place to eat and the place was empty - the Dewdrop Inn - and this cat got up to the piano and began singing 'Womp bump a lu mop a bump bam boom.'"

It was the most important moment in Little Richard's career, but the womp bump a lu mop a bump bam boom, like the first primitive light bulb, the earliest airplane and the initial telephone, had some developing to do before it landed in the hands of record buyers as "Tutti Frutti." At that stage, the remainder of the song consisted of bawdy lyrics which would have given radio programmers acid stomachs.

"And," Bumps Blackwell continued, "there was a little colored girl in there that looked like six o'clock. That was the most pitiful looking girl, and she had songs stacked this high and every song she sang to me was like Dinah Washington's 'Blow Top Blues.' But her lyrics were out of sight, so I brought her out and said, 'Look, I want you to listen to this song and write me some lyrics.' And this cat's going, 'Well, I can't do it that way.' I say, 'What's the matter with you? You got a grudge against making a name?'"

"I had to turn his back to the wall so he couldn't look at the girl sitting there. And I had to turn her back. Here this girls' got 'leven 'leven kids and she ain't got no money and she's hungry. I'm hungry and he's got a hit here and he ain't going to play it. I closed the door, got everybody out and told her, I said, 'Look here, you turn your back, you play, you just forget what you heard and you write me some lyrics to this music.' Richard sang that song 'Tutti Frutti' with these bad lyrics two or three times to this chick."

"So we went back to finish our second session. We had eight songs finished with 15 or 20 minutes to go and this chick comes up and puts these little trite lyrics in front of me, I remember the musicians were packing up their horns and leaving. So I went up there and said, 'Wait a minute.' In just a minute I put these lyrics in front of Richard. Richard said he ain't got no voice. I said, 'Look here, Richard, you got to sing it.' Richard said, well, he wanted to sing the song, see. Don't you know we went back in there and in 15 minutes did two takes. And that changed the whole scene. And you know what happened? In the nine songs that were recorded that day, 'Kansas City,' 'Baby' and all those were in there. It must have been five years before those original songs came out. 'Kansas City' didn't come out til '59 or '60."

"Tutti Frutti" was a smash, followed by "Long Tall Sally," "Slip-pin' and Slidin'," "Rip It Up," "Ready Teddy," "The Girl Can't

Help It," "Jenny Jenny," "She's Got It," "Heeby Jeebies," "Good Golly Miss Molly," "Lucille," "Hey Hey Hey Hey," "Keep a-Knockin'" "Ooh! My Soul." Many of them were two-sided hits, a rarity in an era of generally dull production when one-shot artists were the rule. He and Chuck Berry and Fats Domino dominated the Top 10 in rock until the explosion of Elvis Presley, which made it a foursome.

Little Richard was one of the first rock singers to smash the practice of white artists covering records by Negro performers. The Crew Cuts covered "Earth Angel," originally recorded by the Penguins, and outsold the colored group in many parts of the country. Georgia Gibbs covered Etta James on "Dance With Me Henry." The Diamonds covered the Gladiolas on "Little Darling." Pat Boone covered the Flamingos on "I'll Be Home" and covered Little Richard on "Tutti Frutti," selling a number of records in each instance. But by his second or third hit, Little Richard was too big to tamper with. His audience forced stations into accepting him. Pop music then was considered to be white music and many stations considered rock and roll as similarly albino, but Little Richard and Chuck Berry and Fats Domino and the Platters were too consistent for such racism to work.

He was huge. His voice, his piano playing, his writing, his band (three saxes, lead and bass electric guitars and drums) were fantastic. He couldn't miss. Little Richard appeared and sang in two movies, on numerous television shows and in uncountable concerts. He sold well overseas and boasted fan clubs as far as Australia. But in 1957 he quit rock and roll, announcing his retirement as "Good Golly Miss Molly" was zipping up the charts.

He was on an airplane, the story goes, bound overseas for an appearance, and one of the engines caught fire. "Lord, I saw them flames and I wasn't ready." He prayed and vowed that if the plane landed safely he would quit singing and study to become a minister. When the plane touched down and he was on solid ground, he threw a ring from his finger into the sea to seal the promise.

Little Richard enrolled in Oakwood College in Huntsville, Alabama, "the school of schools, the school that had Little Richard." They loved me. They had to move me off the campus because the kids wouldn't study. Although it was a religious college, the kids wanted to hear 'Tutti Frutti.' I finished

Oakwood College and I received my Bachelor of Arts degree. I majored in theology; I minored in business administration and psychology. I've always been religious minded. My grandfather's a minister, I have two uncles who are ministers. I always wanted to know about God. I could be a minister now, I know it, but I don't think I should be a minister until my life gets into harmony.

"I love God and I always will love God but I think there are too many fakes and phonies that are playing with God. Man, I can't play with God. When you become a minister, morally you've got to be straight, clean. I see a lot of girls... And the church says you can't do anything. I can't make it right now, but a little later I'll be willing to, one day eventually I hope that I can settle down, but right now I don't want to be a hypocrite."

He paid an enormous price for his instincts. He was huge when he quit, but he kept to his promise of retirement while he was in school. The only recording he did between 1957 and the middle of 1964 consisted of spiritual songs, several albums of which were released by Mercury. When he decided to re-enter the rock field, he signed with Vee Jay Records, which released an unexciting album of him singing newly recorded versions of his old songs. The fire was gone. After Vee Jay went out of business Richard signed with Columbia which put him on its rhythm and blues subsidiary, Okeh, with generally disappointing results. Currently he is on Brunswick, sounding slightly better on his first single.

His recording problems appear to be centered around production rather than a loss of talent or power. His voice sounds very much the same, as does his driving piano style, but his recent material has been lackluster, poorly arranged and insensitively produced. Perhaps he needs cardboard baffles, horn breathing into his piano, tiny studios, impromptu songs and people who understand his music.

Little Richard still knocks concert audiences out, but his bookings and billings are less than he deserves. Recently he played Las Vegas, the final resting place for washed out acts. He is not ready for such a fate, playing to glass-eyed crowds for whom he is only a diversion from a bunch of machines. A record or two could change that and ease some of the wear from my two overworn Specialty albums. I hope he does it. □

pete johnson (Latest Album/Little Richards Greatest Hits - Specialty)

BLUES BUSINESS

BLUES BUSINESS — highlights of the Negro music industry, and some of its little-known contributions to Rock.

Last month, picking up on the new Country-Rock thing, we rambled through the fascinating history of the music business, R.F.D. style. This month we duly pick up on the other half of the Great Original Rock & Roll Hybrid. Unlike country music, R&B has always been so close to the center of the rock world that its influence is taken for granted. All Rock Is Divided Into Three Parts: R&B, imitation R&B, and music that just shows R&B influence. The presence of that influence, no matter how slight, is the defining factor for what is rock & roll and what isn't.

Rhythm & Blues is the modern name for that part of the music business which primarily aims to please the Negroes. Modern R&B, like country music, is the end result of a long evolution which began with a totally non-commercial, non-professional kind of musical activity. Among the numerous writers who described Negro life for early 19th-century readers, few failed to mention music. The essential hybrid of European harmonic structure and instrumental technique with African vocal styles and rhythms was formed long before Emancipation. It caught the ear of many whites who were more than observers. By 1850, troupes of both races were regaling the country with presentations of songs and humor in quasi-Negro style. These "minstrel shows" innocently exploited those aspects of Negro character and music that could be most easily appreciated by whites. Their representation of black music was about as accurate as their stereotyped Negro characterizations. But they cleverly whetted the appetites of whites across the land for this music, and in that they did a favor to all concerned. In an era before Negroes had any money to support their music with, that music was established as something of value, businesswise. This was to be invaluable in changing it from static folk music to dynamic popular music.

After the Civil War, the black population still lacked the wherewithal to support a music industry. But the minstrel shows continued, performing for Negroes as well as whites. Medicine shows (where a short musical program would gather a crowd to hear a salesman's pitch), roadhouses and dance halls provided subsistence for many musicians. After that there was always panhandling.

What kind of music did these semi-professionals play? We'll never know for dead sure. But all evidence suggests it wasn't wild "African" as one might suspect. It consisted largely of folk and dance tunes, sung with banjo or guitar. The music of Mississippi John Hurt (heard on two fine Vanguard albums) and Henry Thomas (heard on Origin OJL-3) probably dates back to this period.

The dynamic changes we associate with the history of Negro music started happening about 1900. Within a decade — a very short time as folk music goes — a new style of singing and playing had swept the land. This represented a combination of the existing semi-professional styles — the "songster" styles — with the more freely improvised music black people often sang at their work. The guitars remained, but the vocal lines became free of the European scale dictated by the guitar's fret placement. The rhythm became slower and more intense. A very special kind of lyric, less carefree and more discontented, became associated with this new sound. Soon the sound had a name, a word used for a hundred years or more to describe a state of mind — "the blues."

By 1910 the blues had spread across the South, with regional variations. In the Carolinas, for instance, the older songster-style guitar was used. Many in Mississippi favored a guitar sound that was more adaptable to the unorthodox scales of the old "field hollers" — the "slide" guitar, played with bottleneck or knife blade.

Meanwhile, whites continued to cautiously savor tidbits of Negro music. Two great Negro colleges, Fisk and Tuskegee, were built with money earned by their choirs who toured the nation singing strait-laced arrangements of spirituals for adoring whites. Up on Broadway, the minstrel stereotype endured in the form of "coon" songs. Gems like "Mammy's Little Alabama Coon," which might inspire demonstrations today if not riots, were appreciated by black and white alike as good-natured fun and sentiment.

Entertainers of both races daubed themselves in black face paint, perhaps enabling themselves to exploit emotions that would appear unseemly for a white person in that hypocritical era.

Back to the emerging blues, which proved to be the impetus for the next great step in the growth of the Negro music biz. Just before World War I, a Negro band-leader named W.C. Handy became quite popular in the Memphis area. He began to write and publish his own songs, clever adaptations of the blues he had heard in his travels. Handy's tunes fit easily into the pop repertoire of the day, but retained enough authentic blues flavor to satisfy his Negro audience. Handy soon moved on to New York, where the nation's largest and most sophisticated black community loved his songs to death. The fervor quickly spread to Broadway. Handy's "Memphis Blues", "St. Louis Blues", "Yellow Dog Blues" and "Loveless (or Careless) Love" inspired countless imitations from songwriters of both races.

On Broadway, these were treated like the latest pop songs. From there they spread across the country on sheet music, and on records by the established white tenors and sopranos of the time. Though timid-sounding to us today, these discs were another big step in getting the mass white audience into the spirit of black music. Since then whites have always had a soft spot for the blues—at least some of its paler shades.

In Harlem, the blues had real soul. Theatres and speakeasies rang to the sounds of Bessie Smith, Clara Smith, Mamie Smith, Ida Cox and many more, doing Handy's tunes and others of the same type. Their accompanists were the top jazzmen of the day. (We should stop to point out that jazz, an instrumental music born in Southern cities like New Orleans, has a totally different history from blues, a vocal music from the rural areas. This in spite of their considerable influence on each other. Don't believe anything you read about blues in jazz history books.)

Getting back to records, in 1920 you could buy not only regular pop and classical records, but also records for practically every ethnic minority in the country. Victor and Columbia had a special series for Chinese music, Polish music, Finnish, Filipino, Serbo-Croatian—you name it. But what about the biggest ethnic minority of all? Not a chance. Outside of the college choirs doing spirituals, and the Broadway performers doing their bit, there was no Negro music on records, though by this time many Negroes had phonographs. So many that when Okeh (the company that also started the country record business) finally put out a disc of Mamie Smith doing one of her Harlem-style blues, people lined up outside record stores to buy copies.

Anyway, there was enough business to inspire Okeh's competitors to reply in kind. Within a year all the major labels were doing heavy business in records made by Negroes for Negroes. Columbia and Okeh, and later others, set up special "race" series of records (nobody ever actually had a "Negro" series). These "race" records were sold only in the South, and in the larger Northern ghettos. Most of the time they were listed in a separate catalogue.

At first the race record repertoire was almost exclusively Harlem blues, and a similar music produced in Chicago. The white record company executives in these cities didn't really know any other kind of black music existed. But by 1925 some of their Southern salesmen reported a demand for a little of the "down home" blues. The major labels were skeptical of this primitive music. But Paramount, a smaller Chicago outfit which spe-

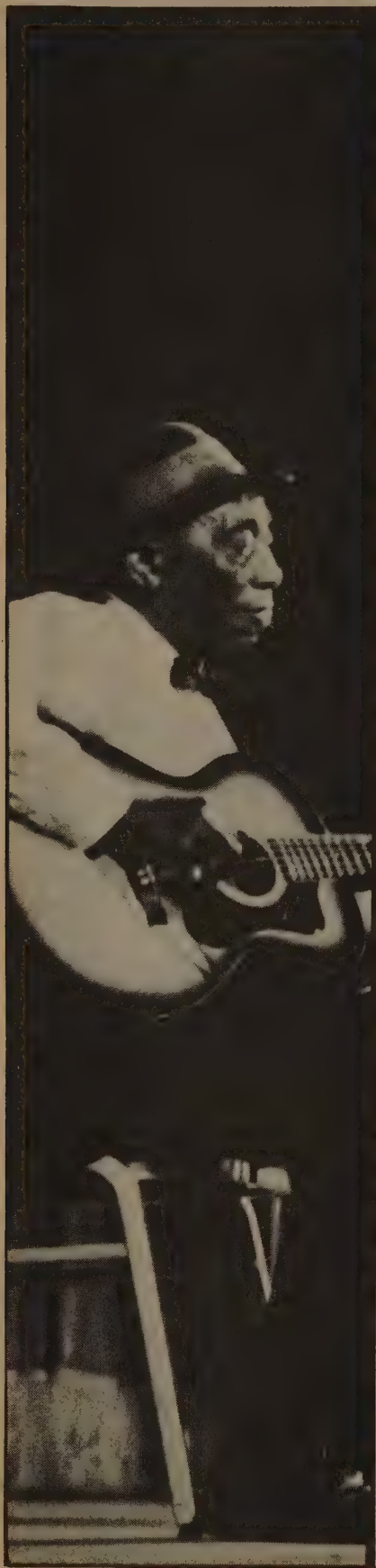
Bessie Smith



Son House



Muddy Waters



cialized in race records, took the plunge in 1926 and recorded a blind bluesman from East Texas. "Long Lonesome Blues" was a smash hit, and spread the name of Blind Lemon Jefferson all over the South. Predictably, country blues made a quick appearance on other labels as well. Peg Leg Howell, Barbecue Bob, Tommy Johnson and Texas Alexander all achieved recorded immortality in the 1920's.

The earliest country blues records were much like the earliest (pre-Jimmie Rodgers) hillbilly discs in one way: they preserved what essentially was folk music. Though blues was relatively new and fast-changing, Southern bluesmen still learned in the old way, from each other's singing.

It was in the late 1920's that Jimmie Rodgers brought the image of the unschooled but professional entertainer into country music. Negro music already had plenty of "pros" at this time, like W.C. Handy and Bessie Smith. But Negro music did undergo many changes in the late 1920's and early 1930's that are quite analogous to those of country music. Several performers came on the scene who, like Rodgers, were 1) totally independent of the New York scene, 2) reliant on originals more than on traditional songs, and 3) nationally popular. You won't find statues of Leroy Carr, Big Bill Broonzy or Tampa Red in Southern towns. But like Rodgers, these men showed the world that new music with a simple, unschooled sound could be very profitable. Within a couple of years these performers had all but cleared the turntables of all other blues styles, uptown and down-home alike.

As with Rodgers, it was the phonograph record that made Carr and Broonzy. From then on, records were the main vehicle for dissemination and innovation, as they eventually were for pop music in general. Since live radio was not available to Negroes, as it was to pop and hillbilly artists, records became the mass medium for black music at a very early stage.

The blues of the 1930's was a standardized, streamlined product. Gone were the clever lyrics and fancy changes that marked the Harlem scene. Gone were the sometimes brilliant jazz accompaniments, replaced by a basic, unchanging piano. Gone were the intense vocals and guitar of the Southern country bluesmen. Paradoxically, some of the greatest country bluesmen—Skip James, Son House, Robert Johnson, Bukka White—were recorded during the 1930's. But their records appealed only to a backcountry audience that was too poor to buy them—hence their extreme rarity today. Big Bill, who managed to put considerable warmth and expression into the standard formulas, ruled the day. Records of his, like "Just a Dream" and "Tell Me Baby" blanketed

the nation. (We must note that his style back then was quite different from what he sang for folks after his rediscovery in the 1950's). In Big Bill's hands, the blues came as close as ever to being the dominant music of the American Negro.

But the dynamic nature of black music was about to catch up with the blues. By the end of the 1930's it had been around for forty years or more. It was to rise again, but in the late 1930's legions of young Negroes said it was time for something new. Many turned to jazz, some to the big band swing that both Negroes and whites were producing—probably the first really biracial style in American pop music. Others sought the even newer sounds of bebop; this was the beginning of the modern jazz era, with its new complexities and abstract qualities.

At the same time came the first flowering of another kind of Negro music. Though derided by many, it was the beginning of still another modern era. This was the vocal group sound. Like the Texas white country bands with their electric guitars, these vocal groups were the grand-daddies of rock.

When they started there wasn't much rock or roll to them. The Ink Spots, first and biggest name of the movement, were trying to bring a feeling of lightness and grace to the scene. Their early records were mostly uptempo jive numbers, with plenty of rhythm, but soft and subtly done in contrast to the heavyhanded sound of 1930's blues. The words were full of the hip talk of their day (and ours; an early Spots effort was "You Bring Me Down"). Then they recorded a slow, sentimental ballad from the Tin Pan Alley of 1939, complete with a saccharine recitation. In a flash, the group that had been the delight of a few hipsters became the rage of the nation, black and white alike.

The ballad was "If I Didn't Care". The switch from jive tunes like "That Cat Is High" to the bathos of "Care" may seem like regression itself. But it was only another step in the history of the future. The Ink Spots, a passing fad with whites, became an enormous influence on Negro music. Their ballads were most influential of all. Dozens of Ink Spots imitations appeared on records within a year or two. Unlike the Spots, most aimed at the Negro audience exclusively. And thus vocal groups, which had always been a minor part of the Negro recording scene, suddenly became a major part.

How does all this fit in with the history of rock & roll? All of you record collectors just get out your Ink Spots stack, and put on "If I Didn't Care" or any other ballad of theirs. Then switch on any nice ballad from the early or mid-1950's—any one by the Orioles, Billy Ward and the Dominoes, or the Platters. "Someday" by the Drifters even has a recitation. What I'm saying is that the Ink Spots' approach to ballads became practically uni-

versal among Negro vocal groups, as these groups mushroomed in the 1940's. Large elements of this approach held on far into the rock & roll era. The Spots' jive numbers are likewise reflected in many early uptempo rock tunes. In both cases the same trends intervened between the Spots and the 1950's — a trend away from prettiness, toward a stronger and funkier backup part in voices and in the bands. But the structure of the arrangements, their harmonies and vocal qualities hold all the way through. The only aspect of the Ink Spots the later groups didn't follow was the Uncle Tom aspect of their name and stage presence, which was left behind as a relic of another era.

It did take a while for these vocal groups to set the nation rocking. Though they were constantly on the Negro charts in the 1940's, the music that was by then called Rhythm & Blues was going through other changes. The big band trend continued until after the war, with the music getting increasingly subtle and complex. Then the master entertainer, Louis Jordan, captivated black America (and about half of white America) with his cleverness, musical vitality, and good-natured but accurate social commentary. The end of the 1940's saw the trend for subtlety and cleverness come full circle as these qualities were applied to the blues form by such fine musicians as Charles Brown, T-Bone Walker and Amos Milburn. But about that time the public decided that it had had enough of cleverness, enough of intricate arrangements where things were always going off in all directions. There came upon us the massive and devastating return to utter simplicity, the distillation of everything to its funky essentials, that we called Rock & Roll. Blues followed a similar trend, and Charles Brown was succeeded by men like Muddy Waters, B.B. King and others who were to cast much light on the rock of the Sixties.

But as for the rock of the Fifties, all those vocal groups were waiting in the wings of the Hall of Fame. With the changes of the 1940's had come a great decline in the influence of the major record labels, Victor, Columbia and Decca. Their product, conservative and unimaginatively A&R, completely missed the trend toward funk and simplicity. By 1951 they had virtually abandoned the field to the dozens of independent labels who brought a new democracy to the record business. This gave an enormous number of groups a chance to record and be heard. From the most unexpected quarters came great talent and success. Such is the history of Rock.

Hopefully we have shed some light on the story of Negro music as a commercial enterprise. Many acknowledgements are due to the John Edwards Memorial Foundation at UCLA, whose business it is to study such things, in country music as well as the R&B field. □ barret hansen



The Drifters



B.B. King

The Experiences Of A Bassman



An Interview With

NOEL REDDING

In every pop group it seems as though one member is bound to be overlooked. In the Jimi Hendrix Experience it is the slim, sensitive and rather retiring bass guitarist Noel Redding who usually takes a back seat at interviews. "Nobody ever wants to interview me," he complained

when I spoke to him in London recently, yet ever since the Hendrix combo was formed, Noel's considerable bass playing has been drawing raves from both sides of the Atlantic.

This is a fact extremely surprising, both to Noel and to those who know his back-

ground in music. The day before he auditioned for the Hendrix job, he was getting ready to sell his guitar in order to raise enough money to eat. He was thinking of quitting music altogether and going back to a career in commercial art, yet even when the job was almost



within his grasp, there was one major obstacle in his way. Hendrix himself was a dynamic guitarist and the group needed someone to play bass. Noel was hungry enough to allow Chas Chandler to persuade him to switch instruments. That he has adjusted so well to his new instrument speaks well for his rare musical ability and adaptability.

"Now I do consider myself a bass guitarist," declared Noel, "but I didn't then." To confuse the issue, he stated his interest in getting his original instrument together once more. "I've only just bought some guitars, you see, and when I was in New York recently I did some tracks on which I played guitar as well as doing all the bass playing. I did the vocals, too, and also played the drums. It was quite a session."

"But I do feel much happier playing bass now," he confirmed. "At one time I was frightened but now I've gained confidence. I feel more at home playing bass, but even so I feel even more at home with the guitar!"

Noel denied that he ever had to adopt a different approach to the newer instrument. "I play bass like a guitar, anyway, very twangy and with a trebly sound, as loud as I can. I just bash it out. If there's one thing I don't like it's these 'soul' players. It's all very good, but it's all the same. When people ask me 'do you like soul?' and I say no,

they say 'well, surely you like soul bass players? And I say yes, but I've heard them all before. I know it sounds funny today but that's my idea. Every soul record's got the same bass line and Tamla Motown's the same. I'd much rather listen to people like the Who's John Entwistle, he's a great bass player. I guess he plays the same sort of style as I do."

Noel regards the Experience as a 'free' group, and feels that they are in the same bracket as the Who, a unit for which he has the greatest admiration. "But I really like pop music, pure and simple, particularly groups like the Small Faces, the Move and the Traffic, even the Kinks." Among American groups his favorites are the Candy Men, Moby Grape and a Canadian group called the Cheryls who were playing in New York on his most recent visit.

Noel has made about four visits to the States and everytime he and his compatriots Hendrix and drummer Mitch Mitchell run into trouble because of their appearance. The story of how they were ejected from New York's notable Waldorf Astoria because they merely wanted to eat in the dining room is now legendary, but with typical British aplomb, Noel has an answer for the knockers. "It really makes me sick," he said. "I just live in a dream world when I go to the States and try to forget the stupid fat men

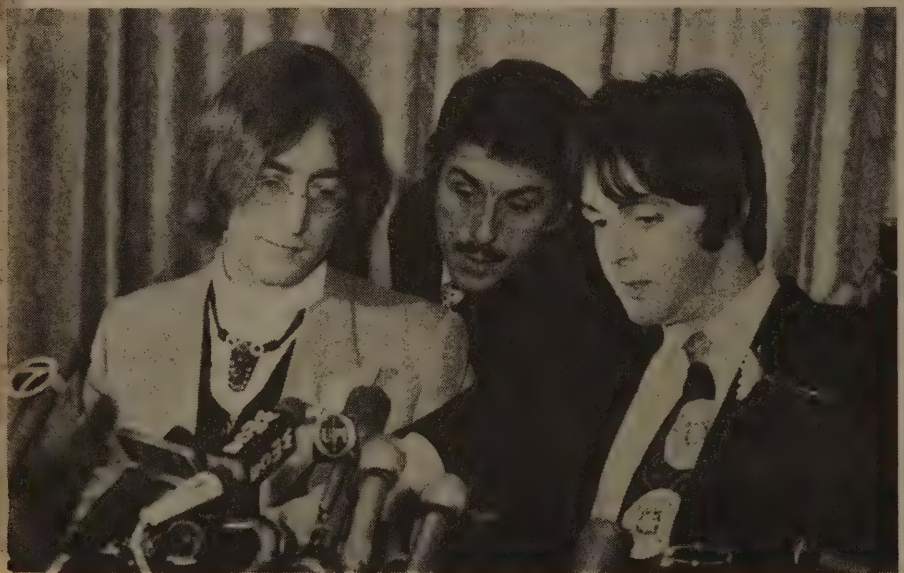
you see at airports with their Bermuda shorts, fat stomachs and bald heads. 'Say, is that a boy or a girl?' they ask and so I say 'If you're man enough to have a daughter, send her over and see!' Of course that makes them very mad but I'm just very rude to them in a nice, English way. I always feel like saying, if you could get 30,000 dollars for standing on stage for 20 minutes, you'd do it, too!"

Apart from such distractions, Noel, like the other members of the group enjoys playing to American audiences. This is just as well because it doesn't look as though England will see them more than once this year. "You could say that we're classed as an underground group in America, but we also do concerts for 20,000 people and that must include some teeny-boppers. But it's just good appreciation from people who dig music. That way it's just like in England."

Although he uses a Fender jazz bass most of the time on stage, the instrument that has drawn attention all over the world is Noel's eight-string Hagstrom. This instrument, only available in America, was used on the Experience's last album on a few tracks and its owner has ventured to play it in public on few occasions in spite of the fact that it frequently goes out of tune. "I sup-

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THE BEATLES



The Beatles met the Press — a very rare occurrence these days — after a showing of the Apple-presented, King Features-produced full-length cartoon-film, "Yellow Submarine," which I

found colorful, sometimes ingenious, but overall rather boring.

One Beatle was missing, John Lennon, whose yen these days is even more Eastern than India. So Paul (in

pale mauve jacket, light trousers, pinky shirt, summery tie — quite the best dressed), George and Ringo posed beside a cardboard effigy of John. Paul took up a position in front and was full of life. Ringo looked pleasant and George, with more hair than ever, looked thoughtful.

After the pictures, I was able to corner George, who told me that the "Yellow Submarine" cartoon depiction of the Beatles "isn't us." "There's no true image of us. You Press people have given us an image which isn't us either."

George, in dark suit and yellow frilled shirt, said they had changed a lot (I noticed all three were much more sober, quiet and to the point now) and were half businessmen, half recording artists.

"It appears we are doing less, but we're doing more, but the public doesn't see it. When we toured we were seen on stage and getting on and off airplanes. Now we do our work in private, in offices and studios.

"I have written ten songs for the new LP. We have about 40 in all and we don't know yet which ones we'll use. We hope to do the LP quicker, perhaps we'll do a three record set."

I remarked that now that George was clean shaven, we saw more of his face than we had for a long time. He looked younger. How did it feel to be so bare?

"Great. If I cut my hair off more I'd look younger still and maybe I could join the Small Faces," joked George.

Ringo, in a red-with-white-dots shirt and dark suit and still sporting a small moustache, told me that "Yellow Submarine" was a thing for the children. Like George, he hadn't seen the whole film through.

"Kids are the most important people in the world today. They are the future," he said. "We do things for children. The cartoons illustrate some of our songs, that's all."

I asked him what he thought of the actors who had spoken their voices. "I thought they all sounded like me — and we all have very different voices, y'know. It's not just a Liverpool accent."

Ringo told me he had already recorded his song for the next album. "It has

Meet The British Press

two titles, so I can't say what it will be called yet." This was a tactful way of saying he can't give out the title.

Ringo told me he had given up his building business because "nobody bought houses where he put them up." And he had given up meditation because he couldn't find the time for it, except in the car.

"When I'm driving I sometimes close my eyes and meditate," he drawled. Wasn't that dangerous, I asked.

"Oh my chauffeur drives me," he quickly added, recalling one of the few times he had taken over with a "Move over, son" and got nicked for speeding.

"The speed cop didn't know me, I'm sure. Richard Starkey is the name on my license. So 'son' drives me now," he concluded.

As always Paul had plenty to say. He was pleased with the progress of the LP but admitted: "We get new ideas every day, but I hope it will be made quicker than the 'Pepper' album." They want it out long before the 'Yellow Submarine' LP comes out at Christmas, with four rather inconsequential songs specially written for the film.

"We are family grocers," Paul went on. "You want yoghurt, we give it to you. You want cornflakes, we have them too. Mums and dads can't take some of our album stuff, so we make it simple for them on singles," he told me.

I asked him about Mary Hopkin, the singer from Wales whom he has signed.

"She sings too much like Joan Baez. We'll alter that. And get some good songs for her. No, I won't write them. There are plenty of good ones. Yes, she'll be big. We've got to be positive about that."

Speaking about himself — and he was looking very cheerful — he said I am all right but I could be better." But he got angry when he heard "a worrying cat, a German, on TV, ranting about all kids taking drugs." He refuted the idea that all kids did this and said such statements made him see red.

He also thought that rock and current pop music was more serious than people think it is. He said that so called classical music, when he listened to it, hadn't all that much to it. "Suddenly



we realize we can do it, too," he concluded.

And his parting shot was that Dylan's lyrics have infinitely more worthwhile poetry about them than the nauseat-

ing words of songs that Sinatra sings. "I used to think they were great, but now they are so much....." And he used a word more in common use in France than here. □andy gray

WORDS TO YOUR FAVORITE HITS

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•HUSH

(As recorded by Deep Purple/
Tetragrammaton)

J. SOUTH

There's a certain little girl that's on my
mind

Great gosh almighty she looks so fine
She's the best girl that I've ever had
Sometimes she sure makes me feel so bad.

Hush hush, I thought I heard her calling
my name

Now hush hush, she broke my heart

But I love her just the same now

Hush hush, I thought I heard her
calling my name

Now hush hush, I need her loving and
I'm not ashamed now.

Early in the mornng

Late in the midnight

I want it and I need it now

Got to have it.

She's got love that's like quicksand
And all it took was the touch of her hand
It blew my mind and I'm in so deep
That I can't eat and I can't sleep.

Hush hush, I thought I heard her calling
my name

Now hush hush, she broke my heart

But I love her just the same now

Hush hush, I thought I heard her calling
my name

Now hush hush, I need her loving and
I'm not ashamed now.

Early in the morning

Late in the midnight

I want it and I need it now

Got to have it.

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•PIECE OF MY HEART

(As recorded by Big Brother & The
Holding Co./Columbia)

BERT BERNIS

JERRY RAGOVVOY

Didn't I make you feel like you were the
only man

Didn't I give you everything that a woman
possibly can

But with all the love I give you

It's never enough

But I'm gonna show you baby that a
woman can be tough

So go on, go on, go on, go on and take
another little piece of my heart now baby

Break another little bit of my heart now
honey

Have another little piece of my heart now
baby

You know you got it if it makes you
feel good.

You're out on the street

And you know deep down in your heart
that ain't right

And you never, never hear me when I
cry at night

I tell myself that I can't stand the pain
But when you hold me in your arms

I say it again

So go on, go on, go on, go on

And take it

Take another little piece of my heart now
baby

Break another little bit of my heart now
baby

You can have another little piece of my
heart now baby

You know you got it if it makes you
feel good.

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•HELP YOURSELF

(As recorded by Tom Jones/Parrot)
FISHMAN: DONIDA

Love is like candy on a shelf

You want to taste and help yourself

The sweetest things are there for you

Help yourself take a few

That's what I want you to do.

We're always told repeatedly

The very best in life is free

And if you want to prove it's true

Baby I'm telling you this is what you
should do.

Just help yourself to my lips to my arms

Just say the word and they're yours

Just help yourself to the love in my heart

Your smile has opened up the door

The greatest wealth that exists in the world

Could never buy what I can give

Just help yourself to my lips to my arms

And then let's really start to live.

My heart has love enough for two

More than enough for me and you

I'm rich with love, a millionaire

I've so much it's unfair

Why don't you take a share.

Just help yourself to my lips to my arms

Just say the word and they're yours

Just help yourself to the love in my heart

Your smile has opened up the door

The greatest wealth that exists in the world

Could never buy what I can give

So help yourself to my lips to my arms

And then let's really start to live.

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Canada.

PARADE OF SONG HITS

● SPECIAL CARE

(As recorded by the Buffalo Springfield/Atco)

STEPHEN STILLS

You there in the window looking at me
Do you think I'm blowin' my cool
playing the fool
You there on the corner staring at me
Do you think I'm trouble
Would you like to shoot me down.
If I die right there that special care
Has been taken to make you aware
I've been forsaken
If you don't care
Then we'll come and burn your house
down
Yeah, oh yeah.

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● HARPER VALLEY PTA

(As recorded by Jeanie C. Riley/Plantation)

TOM T. HALL

I want to tell you all a story 'bout a
Harper Valley widowed wife
Who had a teenage daughter who
attended Harper Valley Junior High
Well her daughter came home one
afternoon and didn't even stop
to play

She said, mom I got a note here from
the Harper Valley PTA.

The note said, Mrs. Johnson you're
wearing your dresses way too high
It's reported you've been drinking and
runnin' around with men and going
wild

We don't believe you ought to be
bringing up your little girl this
way

It was signed by the secretary, Harper
Valley PTA.

Well, it happened that the PTA was gonna
meet that very afternoon
They were sure surprised when Mrs.
Johnson wore her mini-skirt into
the room

As she walked up to the blackboard, I
still recall the words she had to say
She said, I'd like to address this meeting
of the Harper Valley PTA.

Well, there's Bobby Taylor sittin' there
and seven times he's asked me for a
date

Mrs. Taylor sure seems to use a lot of
ice whenever he's away

And Mr. Baker, can you tell us why your
secretary had to leave this town
And shouldn't widow Jones be told to
keep her window shades all pulled
completely down.

Well, Mr. Harper couldn't be here cause
he stayed too long at Kelly's bar again
And if you smell Shirley Thompson's
breath you'll find she's had a little
nip of gin

Then you have the nerve to tell me you
think that as a mother I'm not fit
Well this is just a little Peyton Place and
you're all Harper Valley hypocrites.

No I wouldn't put you on because it
really did
It happened just this way
The day my mama socked it to the
Harper Valley PTA.

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● SEALED WITH A KISS

(As recorded by Gary Lewis/Liberty)

PETER UDELL

GARY GELD

'Tho we gotta say goodbye for the summer
Darling, I promise you this
I'll send you all my love
Ev'ry day in a letter
Sealed with a kiss
Guess it's gonna be a cold, lonely summer
But I'll fill the emptiness
I'll send you all my dreams
Ev'ry day in a letter sealed with a kiss.

I'll see you in the sunlight
I'll hear your voice ev'rywhere
I'll run to tenderly hold you
But, darling, you won't be there

I don't wanna say goodbye for the summer
Knowing the love we'll miss
Oh, let us make a pledge to meet in
September
And seal it with a kiss.

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● LONG WALK TO D.C.

(As recorded by the Staple Singers/Stax)

HOMER BANKS

It's a long walk to D.C.

But I got my walking shoes on
I can't take a plane

Buy us a train

Cause my money ain't that long

America, we believe oh that you love
us still

So people I'm gonna be under to wipe
away my tears.

I tell you it's a long walk to D.C.
But I'm on my way, yes I am
It's a long walk to D.C.
But I know I'll make it some day.

I know it's a whole lot of rocks and reels
Before I make it there
Should of gone only yesterday
But today I'm leaving here
I got a dime for some coffee
I got a dime to buy me a cake
I gotta see the President no matter what
it takes

I tell you it's a long walk to D.C.
But I'm on my way, oh yes I am
It's a long walk to D.C.
But I know I'll make it some day.

I know it's a whole lot of rocks and reels
Before I make it there
Should of gone only yesterday
But today I'm leaving here
I got a dime for some coffee
Another dime to buy me a cake
I gotta see the President no matter
what it takes

I tell you it's a long walk to D.C.
But I'm on my way, oh you don't hear
me now

It's a long walk to D.C.
But I know I'll make it some day
Gonna step out of Jackson
Mississippi town through Alabama
I'm Memphis bound
North Carolina, Virginia too
I gotta set my feet on national ground.

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● IF LOVE IS IN YOUR HEART

(As recorded by Friend & Lover/Verve-Forecast)

JIM POST

The eyes of a person are his light into
the world
The reflection of his eyes
Betray what he feels inside
He'll find that he cannot hide
What larks in his soul
Be careful people to keep your soul in
tow.

If love is in your heart
There'll be happiness in your eyes
You'll find you cannot hide the feeling
that you have inside
Have you ever looked into the eyes of
a lonely person
Then you'd know what I'm talking about
They cannot hide their fear and their
doubts.

Words cannot disguise the reflection of
your eyes
You'll find you cannot hide the feeling
that you have inside
If loneliness fills your heart
There'll be sadness in your eyes
You'll find you cannot hide the feeling
that you have inside.

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● MOM

(CAN I TALK TO YOU?)

(As recorded by Jan Rhodes/Blue)

JOHN MEYER

Hey mom can I come in
Can I talk to you
You always say we're gonna have a talk
yet we never do
Well now I need your help so bad
But you gotta promise not to get mad
Cause mom I'm in trouble
Mom I'm in trouble.

It started weeks ago
It was late at night
The place they sent us wasn't far away
and it looked all right
Well I guess I was a foolish kid
Cause I don't know just what I did
But mom I'm in trouble
Mom I'm in trouble.

I know I've been a bad, bad girl
But mom don't you see I need sympathy
Inside my head it's driving me mad
I'm feeling so bad for you and for dad
Well mom I told you now and I didn't
cry

It's hung me up real bad for seven weeks
And I guess you know why
Now this may sound funny to say
But I worry bout you in a way
Cause I know you wanna make something
of me

Well mama just love me, just love me
Mama love me
Cause mom I'm in trouble.

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PARADE OF SONG HITS

• I CAN'T DANCE TO THAT MUSIC YOU'RE PLAYIN'

(As recorded by Martha Reeves & The Vandellas/Gordy)

**RICHARDS
DEAN**

Sugar babe I wanna tell you what's
exactly on my mind
I won't stay at home another night
while you're out makin' time
I'm well aware of where you go
And every girl you see
Cause whenever I can't find you boy
My phone begins to ring
And I can't dance to that music you're
playin'
Stop think it over and rewrite the tune
I can't dance to that music you're playin'
You better get yourself together
You better do it soon.

Last Friday night the phone rang
You said it was Little Joe
He had a one night stand to play down
on Cottage Grove
If you had gone to the club to play
You weren't playin' with no band
Cause your sax is here at home all night
Behind your music stand
And I can't dance to that music you're
playin'
Stop think it over and rewrite the tune
I can't dance to that music you're playin'
You better get yourself together
You better do it soon.

I can't dance, I can't dance
I can't dance, I can't dance
I can't dance to what you're sayin'
I can't dance to what you're playin'
I can't dance to that music you're playin'
Stop think it over and rewrite the tune
I can't dance to that music you're playin'
You better get yourself together
You better do it soon.

Now if you really love me
Then unpack your bags and stay
Don't tell me you've got to make it over,
got to get away
I've taken all that medicine of yours that
I can stand
Doctor please change your prescription
Or I'll find another man
And I can't dance to that music you're
playin'
Stop think it over and rewrite the tune
I can't dance to that music you're playin'
You better get yourself together
You better do it soon
I can't dance, I can't dance.

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• NATURALLY STONED

(As recorded by Avant Garde/
Columbia)

CHUCK WOOLERY

It seems the days we spent together
All too quickly faded away
And even now my lonely mind is full of
thoughts of yesterday
They say grow up
Put your mind on what you have to do
But I know I can never make it baby
without you.

I can feel a good vibration when I put
my mind on you alone
I can get a good sensation
Feel like I'm naturally stoned, naturally
stoned.

And now they say it's time for me to
face the troubled world alone
There's just one thing they do not seem
to understand
Why can't they get it through their heads
I need a helping hand
(Repeat chorus).

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• I'VE GOT TO GET A MESSAGE TO YOU

(As recorded by the Bee Gees/Atco)

BARRY GIBB

ROBIN GIBB

MAURICE GIBB

The preacher talked with me and he
smiled

Said come and walk with me
Come and walk one more mile
Now for once in your life you're alone
But you ain't got a dime
There's no time for the phone
I've just gotta get a message to you
Hold on, hold on
One more hour and my life will be
through
Hold on, hold on.

I told him I'm in no hurry
But if I broke her heart
Then won't you tell her I'm sorry
And for once in my life I'm alone
And I gotta let her know
Just in time before I go
I've just gotta get a message to you
Hold on, hold on
One more hour and my life will be
through
Hold on, hold on.

Well I laughed but that didn't work
And it's only her love that keeps me
wearing this hurt
Now I'm crying but deep down inside
Well I did it to him
Now it's my turn to die
I've just gotta get a message to you
Hold on, hold on
One more hour and my life will be
through
Hold on, hold on
I've just gotta get a message to you
Hold on, hold on.

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• MR. BUSINESSMAN

(As recorded by Ray Stevens/
Monument)

RAY STEVENS

Itemize the things you covet
As you squander through your life
Bigger cars, bigger houses
Term insurance for your wife
Tuesday evenings with your harlot
And on Wednesdays it's your Charlatan
analyst
He's high upon your list.

You've got air-conditioned sinuses
And dark disturbing doubt about
Religion and you keep those cards and
Letters goin' out
While your secretary's tempting you
Your morals are exempting you from
guilt and shame
Heaven knows you're not to blame.

You better take care of business Mr.
Businessman

If you can
Before it's too late - and you throw your
life away.

Did you see your children growing up
today
And did you hear the music of their
laughter

As they set about to play
Did you catch the fragrance of those
Roses in your garden
Did the morning sunlight warm your soul
And brighten up your day
Do you qualify to be alive
Or is the limit of your senses so
As only to survive.

Spending counterfeit incentive
Wasting precious time and health
Placing value on the worthless -
Disregarding priceless wealth
You can wheel and deal the best of them
And steal it from the rest of them
You know the score.

Eighty-six proof anesthetic crutches
Prop you to the top
Where the smiles are all synthetic
And the ulcers never stop
When they take that final inventory
Yours will be the same sad story
Everywhere
No one will really care
No one more lonely than
This rich important man
Let's have your autograph
Endorse your epitaph.

You better take care of business, Mr.
Businessman
What's your plan
Get down to business Mr. Businessman
If you can.

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PARADE OF SONG HITS

•STREET FIGHTING MAN

(As recorded by The Rolling Stones/
London)

MICK JAGGER
KEITH RICHARD

Everywhere I hear the sound of marching,
charging feet boy
'Cause summer's here and the time is right
for fighting in the street boy
But what can a poor boy do
Except to sing for a rock and roll band
'Cause in sleepy London town
There's just no place for a street fighting
man.

They think the time is right for a palace
revolution
But where I live the game to play is
compromise solution
(Repeat chorus).

They said my name is called disturbance
I'll shout and scream
I'll kill the King
I'll rail at all his servants
(Repeat chorus).

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•THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT

(As recorded by Aretha Franklin/
Atlantic)

BOB LANCE
FRAN ROBINS

This is the house that Jack built y'all
Remember this house
This was a land that you worked by hand
It was a dream of an upright man
There was a room that was filled with love
It was a love that I was proud of
This is a life a life that he planned on
To love his same own love
In the house that Jack built
Remember this house
There was a fence that held our love
There was a cage that he walked out of
This is the heart that has turned to stone
This is the house, it ain't no home
This is the love that I destroyed
The way that I toyed with love
In the house that Jack built
Remember this house.

Oh woman, no use crying
I brought it on myself
It's no denying
But it seems awful funny
That I didn't understand
Until I lost my home right there.

Up on that hill
Everything stands still
In the house that Jack built
I'm gonna remember that house
Listen, I got the house
I got the car
I got the rugs
And I got the rent
But I ain't got Jack
And I want my home back
Turn my back on Jack
Hey Jack, won't you come back
Turn my back on Jack
He said he won't come back, etc.

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•THE LAMENT OF THE CHEROKEE RESERVATION INDIAN

(As recorded by Don Fardon/GNP-
Crescendo)

JOHN D. LOUDERMILK

They took the whole Cherokee nation
And put us on this reservation
They took away our way of life
The tomahawk, the bow and knife
They put our papoose in a crib
And took the buckskin from our rib
They took away our native tongue
And talk their English to our young
The old teepee we all love so
They're using now for just a show
And all our beads we made by hand
Are nowadays made in Japan.
Although they've changed our ways of old
They'll never change our hearts and souls
Though I wear a man's shirt and tie
I'm still a red man deep inside
Hi ya yoh, hi ya yoh ho
Hi ya yoh hi, hi ya yoh ho
Hi ya yoh, hi ya yoh
Hi ya yoh, hi ya yoh
Oom ni ni ya, oom hi ya
Oom ni ya oh, hi ya yoh, hi ya yoh
Yip yip hi ya yoh, hi ya yoh hi.
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•I SAY A LITTLE PRAYER

(As recorded by Aretha Franklin/
Atlantic)

BURT BACHARACH
HAL DAVID

The moment I wake up
Before I put on my make-up
I say a little prayer for you
While combing my hair now
And wondering what dress to wear now
I say a little prayer for you.

Forever, forever you'll stay in my heart
And I will love you forever, and ever
We never will part
Oh how I'll love you
Together, together that's how it must be
To live without you would only mean
heartbreak for me.

I run for the bus dear
While riding I think of us dear
I say a little prayer for you
At work I'll just take time
And all through my coffee break time
I say a little prayer for you.

Forever, forever you'll stay in my heart
And I will love you forever and ever
We never will part
Oh how I'll love you
Together, together that's how it must be
To live without you would only mean
heartbreak for me.

My darling believe me
For me there's no one but you
Please love me too
I'm in love with you
Answer my prayer say you love me too
Won't you answer my prayer
You know everyday I say a little prayer
for you.

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•WHO IS GONNA LOVE ME

(As recorded by Dionne Warwick/
Scepter)

BURT BACHARACH
HAL DAVID

Who is gonna love me not you
You'll be gone and here I will stay all
alone
And I'll just waste away
Wondering who's gonna hold me
And keep me warm when I'm cold
Who will I wake up for through all those
lonely years
No one to wake up for
But sleep won't come
To end these tears
And who's gonna kiss me if you walk out
the door
There'll be no one new not for me
Cause my whole life is you.

Darling if you don't wanna love me
There's just no use hangin' on
For without your love everything is gone.
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•REVOLUTION

(As recorded by the Beatles/Apple)
LENNON
MCCARTNEY

Say you wanna revolution
Well you know
We all wanna change the world
You tell me that it's evolution
Well you know
We all wanna change the world
But when you talk about destruction
Don't you know that you can count me out
Don't you know it's gonna be all right,
all right, all right.

You say you got a real solution
Well you know
We'd love to see the plan
You ask me for a contribution
Well you know
We're all doing what we can
But if you want money for people with
minds of hate
All I can tell you is brother you have to
wait
Don't you know it's gonna be all right,
all right, all right.

You say it's in the Constitution
Well you know
We all wanna change your head
You tell me it's the institution
Well you know
You better free your mind instead
But if you go carrying pictures of
Chairman Mao
You ain't gonna make it with anyone
anyhow
You know it's gonna be all right,
all right, all right, etc.

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PARADE OF SONG HITS

•BAREFOOT IN BALTIMORE

(As recorded by Strawberry Alarm Clock/Uni)

MARK WEITZ
ED KING
ROY FREEMAN

Summer turns the stove on
And fun begins to cook
Barefoot walkin' in Baltimore with
empty pocket book
Laugh at sizzling sidewalks
Don't step on the cracks
Old folk try to catch their breath
As children catch their jacks
Barefoot in Baltimore
Heel and toe with you.

Baltimore has problems lurking in
the streets
Have to double bubble
Tuggin' at our feet
Meltin' tar and crosswalks
Crab shells and the park
Pavement frying our poor toes
Until long after dark
Barefoot in Baltimore
Heel and toe with you.

When night comes we can go walking
on the shores of Chesapeake Bay
A silence tailored for talking
And a love with so much to say
Barefoot in Baltimore
Heel and toe with you.

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•THE FOOL ON THE HILL

(As recorded by Sergio Mendes/A&M)

JOHN LENNON
PAUL MCCARTNEY

Day after day alone on a hill
The man with the foolish grin
Is keeping perfectly still
But nobody wants to know him
They can see that he's just a fool
And he never gives an answer
But the fool on the hill
Sees the sun going down
And the eyes in his head
See the world spinning round.

Well on the way head in a cloud
The man of a thousand voices
Talking perfectly loud
But nobody ever hears him
Or the sound he appears to make
And he never seems to notice
But the fool on the hill
Sees the sun going down
And the eyes in his head
See the world spinning round.

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•THAT KIND OF WOMAN

(As recorded by Merrilee Rush/Bell)
DONNA WEISS

MARY UNOBSKY

My life is spent in great anticipation
But it's a hopeless situation
Where will he be when he's not here
with me
We ride the night hiding from tomorrow
On love that's only borrowed
Who'll fill the need when he's not here to
hold me.

I never was that kind of woman
But look at what he's done to me
I never was that kind of woman
But what other kind of woman can I be.

She has his name, his children to
surround her
While I only have hours, his alibies and
flowers
And as I hear his footsteps softly fading
My heart knows I'll be waiting, wanting
him, wanting him and waiting
(Repeat chorus).

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•KEEP THE ONE YOU GOT

(As recorded by Joe Tex/Dial)

JOE TEX

Hey fellows look over there
See that woman over there with the long
pretty hair
Don't she look good
Don't she look good.

And see that woman that just drove by
then
With hair blowin' in the wind
Didn't she look good, didn't she look good.

See that woman going to church
All dressed up in her mini skirt
She looks good, don't she look good.

And see that woman eating her lunch
She's got skin you'd love to touch
Don't she look good, don't she look good.
Listen you better keep the woman you got
I know the other one looks good to you
But she might not be as good as she looks
Ain't it the truth, and it's the truth.

Girls, listen let me show you something
See that man dressed in his Neru
He's got pockets of money to give you
Don't he look good, don't he look good.

And see that man across the street
with those alligator shoes on his
feet
Oh the man is looking good
He looks good.

And see that man over to your right
He throws big parties every night
The man is good don't he look good
And check the man over to your left
All the women say he's kinda stuck
on himself
Oh the man knows he's looking good
He's looking good
But you better keep the same man you got
I know the other one looks good to you
But he might not be as good as he looks
Ain't it the truth though
It's the truth.

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•SPECIAL OCCASION

(As recorded by The Miracles/Tamla)

ALFRED CLEVELAND
WM. ROBINSON JR.

Special occasion,
Like when you dress up in your tie and
tails

Special occasion
Ev'ry time and it never fails
To give me a thrill
That's fresh and new
Every time I'm kissin' you
It's something that you do
That makes ev'ry time I kiss you
Its a real special occasion
Like one that calls for toast of champagne
Heh! Heh!

Special occasion
Ev'ry time and it's hard to explain
Then the same old touch
From the same old hands
Always makes me feel like a diff'rent man
I just can't understand
But all the time you touch me
Its a real special occasion yeh!

Special occasion oh!
Beautiful music begins to play
You are the sun
Brighten up my day
Why don't you stay
'Cause ev'ry time your with me
It's a real special occasion
Like when in school
You got your cap and gown hey hey!
Special occasion.

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•(Walk Me Out In The) MORNING DEW

(As recorded by Lulu/Epic)

TIM ROSE

BONNIE DOBSON

Walk me out in the Morning Dew, my
honey

Walk me out in the Morning Dew today
Can't walk you out in the Morning Dew
my honey

Can't walk you out in the Morning Dew
at all

Thought I heard a young girl crying
mama

Thought I heard a young girl cry today
You didn't hear no young girl crying
mama

You didn't hear no young girl cry at all
I thought I heard a young man crying
mama

I thought I heard a young man cry today
You didn't hear no young man crying
You didn't hear no young man crying
Now there's no more Morning Dew
Now there's no more Morning Dew
What they were saying all these years
was true

Cause there's no more Morning Dew
Now there's no more Morning Dew
Now there's no more Morning Dew at all
What they were saying all these years
was true

Now there's no more Morning Dew
Now there's no more Morning Dew.
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PARADE OF SONG HITS

•SUNSHINE GIRL

(As recorded by Herman's Hermits/
MGM Records)

JOHN CARTER

GEOFF STEPHENS

Sunshine girl, I'm leaving soon
I'll be back some day.

Sunshine girl

I feel your eyes on me

Your looks excite me

I wonder can it be

Do you invite me

To hold you tightly

How you delight me

My sunshine girl.

Tonight, tonight and every night

I wanna be beside you

Tonight, tonight and every night

I'll be the one to guide you.

Sunshine girl

Now I must go away

'Cos this was only a summer holiday

But one day I'll be returning

You'll see across the blue sea

My sunshine girl.

Tonight, tonight and every night

I'm gonna dream about you

Tonight, tonight and every night

How can I live without you.

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•HEY JUDE

(As recorded by The Beatles/Apple)

LENNON

MCCARTNEY

Hey Jude don't make it bad

Take a sad song and make it better

Remember to let her into your heart

Then you can start to make it better.

Hey Jude don't be afraid

You were made to go out and get her

The minute you let her under your skin

Then you begin to make it better.

And any time you feel the pain

Hey Jude refrain

Don't carry the world upon your shoulder

For well you know that it's a fool who

plays it cool by making his wealth a
little goldier.

Hey Jude don't let me down

You have found her now go and get her

Remember to let her into your heart

Then you can start to make it better.

So let it out and let it in

Hey Jude begin

You're waiting for someone to perform with

And don't you know that it's just you

Hey Jude you'll do

The movement you need is on your
shoulder.

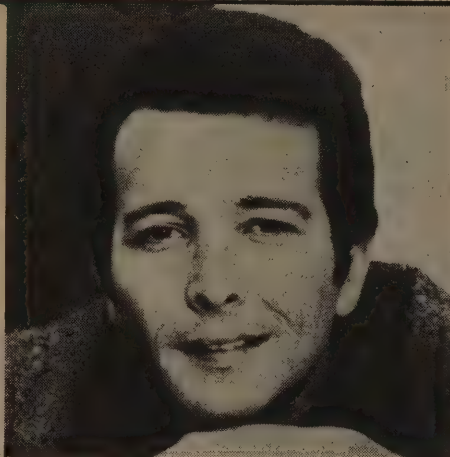
Hey Jude don't make it bad

Take a sad song and make it better

Remember to let her under your skin

Then you begin to make it better, better,
better, better, better.

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1780 Broadway, New York, New York.



•TO WAIT FOR LOVE

(As recorded by Herb Alpert/A&M)

BURT BACHARACH

HAL DAVID

Every day without love is a day of sorrow

Don't wait till tomorrow

To wait for love is just to waste your
life away

Dreams come true and if you get too far
behind them

Someone else will find them

To wait for love is just to waste your
life away

So press your lips against my lips

And thrill me with the warmth of your
caress

The time for love is late

So please don't wait

Together we can find happiness.

I know that every day without love

is a day of sadness

Let me bring you gladness

To wait for love is just to waste your
life away

Hear what I say

Tomorrow true love may fly away

Fall in love today, don't waste another
day.

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•BROWN EYED WOMAN

(As recorded by Bill Medley/MGM)

BARRY MANN

CYNTHIA WEIL

You look at me and baby

All you see are my blue eyes

I'm not a man baby

All I am is what I symbolize.

Brown eyed woman

Stay away baby

Brown eyed woman

Stay away baby

Brown eyed woman

Stay away baby

I could love you so no no

I could love you so no no

Brown eyed woman

I could love you so no no no no

I'm holding out my hand to you.

All of the years, all the hate

And the fears have twisted your heart

Now you turn away

You won't trust what I say

And it's tearing me apart.

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•ON THE ROAD AGAIN

(As recorded by Canned Heat/Liberty)

FLOYD JONES

ALAN WILSON

Well I'm so tired of cryin'

But I'm off on the road again

(I'm on the road again)

Well I'm so tired of cryin'

But I'm off on the road again

(I'm on the road again)

I ain't got no woman just to call my
special friend

You know the first time I traveled off
in the rain and snow

(In the rain and snow)

You know the first time I traveled off
in the rain and snow

(In the rain and snow)

I didn't have no pharoah

Not even no place to go

Well my dear mother left me when I was
quite young

(When I was quite young)

Well my dear mother left me when I was
quite young

(When I was quite young)

She said Lord have mercy on my wicked
son

Take a hint from your momma please
don't cry no more

(Don't cry no more)

Take a hint from your momma please
don't cry no more

(Don't cry no more)

Cause it's soon one morning it's down
the road I go

Well I ain't goin' down that long, long
lonesome road all by myself

Well I ain't goin' down that long, long
lonesome road all by myself.

I can't carry you baby, gonna carry
somebody else.

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•I LOVED AND I LOST

(As recorded by The Impressions/
ABC)

CURTIS MAYFIELD

What do you know about it

Who had told you so

It makes no difference the whole world
can know

I loved and I lost

It happens to the best

So I loved and I lost

And I might as well confess

She was so beautiful

Like flowers that bloom in May

Her kiss was like a rollin' wind

It left me speechless with nothing to
say no no.

I loved and I lost

The fire would not ignite

So I loved and I lost

And I wish her back with all my might
Cause she was so very good to me

I loved and I lost

Baby it happens to the best

So I loved and I lost

And I might as well confess

I loved and I lost

I loved and I lost.

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pictures I hear

by
Brigitta

I had a writing block until I heard Mike Heron's "Swift As The Wind," a song from the new album by the Incredible String Band. Most everyone knows that the Incredible String Band is really just two people - Heron and Robin Williamson. As the name implies, the I.S.B. is percussion-oriented. In this album, called *The Hangman's Beautiful Daughter*, almost any instrument you could think of that can be plucked or hit is tucked in somewhere. "Swift As The Wind," though, is most notable for its vocal part, the tortured moan of an old soul breaking through searing images of a past life; ironically imprisoned, as are all of us at some time, in the body of a helpless child who is told, presumably by an admonishing adult, to "... go with the rest and play downstairs. . ." The child, seeming not to hear, continues his chilling dialogue with the spirit of the barbaric past; but in the end, after promising to meet his "friend" again, he concedes that he "... may have to spend some time downstairs. . ." and you hear a series of sounds like someone tumbling down a flight of stairs. "Swift As The Wind" sent more shivers down my spine than "Blue Jay Way" and "Repent, Walpurgis" put together.

Another song with tremendous impact that you can bet will never be made into a single is Joe McDonald's "The Harlem Song" almost the only song he wrote on the album "Together," which is more Fish than Joe. "Harlem," the sinister shuffle, is the background for a playlet whose comment is both entertaining and straight. "The Harlem Song" sets it forth pretty much as it is. It might do people on both sides of this particular communication barrier good to hear it. McDonald's social sophistication is much greater here than in his rather puerile anti-war tracts.

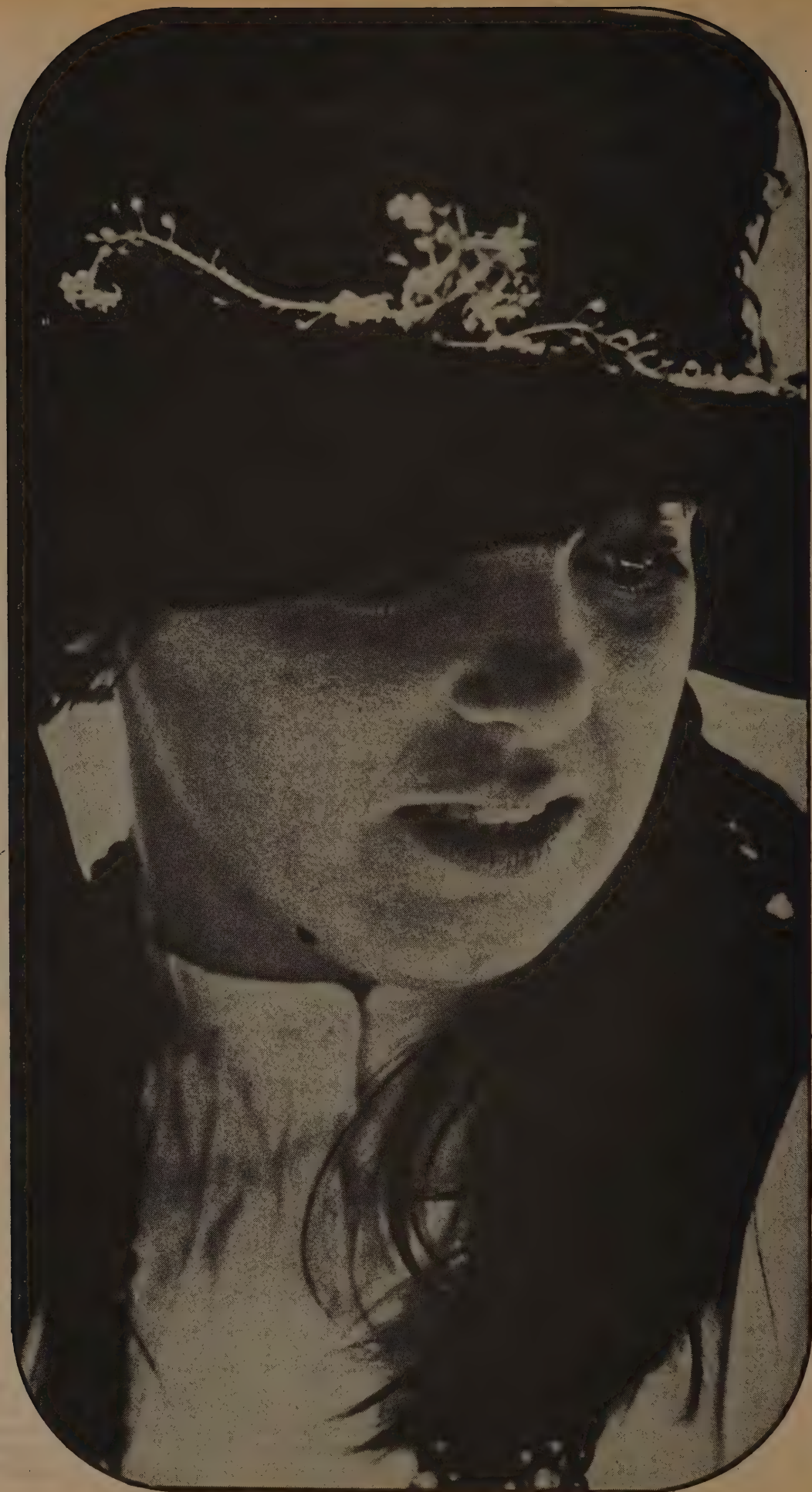
One of those synthesizer creatures is the star of the Status Quo's "Pictures of Matchstick Men," along with some tapes that sound something like freezing high voltage wires. The artifact sitar sound is brave and close enough to pass; in fact, this is a song that pulls out all the stops to be interesting and just barely succeeds. I was much more excited about it when I thought they were saying "plastic men;" the sound's plasticity is its most engaging quality.

Some time ago, Richie Havens did an intelligent, impressive presentation of "Eleanor Rigby" on an album. The new Ray Charles version reminds me a lot of it, but in addition Charles takes certain liberties with the lyrics - as well as his usual melodic distortion - which gives a different meaning to the song's emphasis. The multitude of lonely faces crowd up behind Eleanor Rigby, peer around her shoulders. Charles follows the question of where they all come from and where they're all going to; swinging out on his extension of the melody we can draw our own conclusions. Charles makes clear



that the fact of the "lonely people" is a torturing one - and the "lonely people" are the dispossessed, the physically and mentally cut off; you could extend the Charles interpretation as far as the door stoop of a rowhouse in the black ghetto, or to the dismantled ghost tents of Resurrection City.

The growing use by Ray Charles of his soprano falsetto has been looked upon by some people who normally like his singing as an affectation. I disagree with this, and I think the falsetto is fittingly used in "Eleanor Rigby," underlining the frantic concern of its communication. Ray Charles may certainly be the only singer around capable of using such a falsetto in the virile, valid and straightforward manner; Charles is the first singer that I know of to attempt to lift the popular falsetto to the level of art, though the Beatles tried a very little of it at the end of "In My Life." One interesting change Charles made in the lyrics of "Eleanor Rigby" caused 'Father McKenzie' to appear to be making observations about lonely people; whereas in Paul McCartney's original version, the priest was the object of such observations. □



The Amazing Story Of SPANKY & OUR GANG

SPANKY McFARLANE

Can a former singing hat check girl make good? If the individual is a vibrant young lady named Spanky McFarlane, the answer is an emphatic "yes!"

But of course Spanky wouldn't be where she is now if it was only for her stint as a vocalizing hat checker at a Chicago night club. Musical training in nearly every other field has combined to give her the exceptional singing voice she has.

Spanky, whose real name is Elaine McFarlane, was born in Peoria, Ill., on June 19, 1942. She began singing at the age of three, and before long her father was taping her on a recorder while holding her on his knees.

By the time she got into high school, the music bug had really bitten Spanky. "I listened to the radio like a fiend," she recalls.

"I memorized all the songs.

"All through school I was interested in music, art and recess. I was good at spelling and history, but terrible at math. To this day I don't know whether I have a dime or \$250 in my pocket."

Immediately after graduation from high school, where she was trained in the classical vein, Spanky headed north to Chicago. Her first job was with an insurance company.

But it was her work at night clubs that has proven to be one of her most valuable experiences. After resting a couple hours after her day at the insurance firm, she would head for a small club on Chicago's Rush Street. There, she sang traditional jazz and blues under the guidance of one of the city's outstanding musicians, Little Brother Montgomery, who can be heard on Spanky's "Like To Get To Know You" album.

"He was the one who taught me really good blues," Spanky says. "I worked with him on and off until I got a little confused and joined a small comedy review.

"We were hired to play in Fort Wayne, Ind., for three weeks, and they gave me a couple comedy lines, which I stretched a bit. Anyway, I emerged with star billing."

In 1960, while she was still in the review,

Spanky met two fellows and a girl who comprised a pop trio. When the young lady left the act, Spanky was asked to join. "I stayed nine months with them and it was my first taste of wild, far-out harmony," she recalls. "It also was a great experience for me because it taught me about the flashy part of the business."

After leaving the trio, which was at the height of the folk music boom in the U.S., Spanky got hooked on folk. It was at that time that she came across the New Wine Singers, a popular Chicago folk act. "When I first saw them I thought they were horrible but hilariously funny," she remembers. "They sang off key and stomped their feet."

Spanky remained in the New Wine Singers until 1963, when Malcolm Hale (who is now a member of Spanky and Our Gang) left for the Army and "that finished us."

Her next stop was California, which she found to be a drag. "Folk was dying then and I didn't know what was going to take over," she says. "But I said to myself that I'd never quit singing folk, so I packed up and returned to Chicago, hoping to make it as a single."

Spanky wound up with a gig as a soloist at the Mother Blues club in Chicago's Old Town section. She worked to appreciative audiences for three weeks and then decided it was time to travel again. Florida was the next stop.

It was in Florida that she met Nigel Pickering and Oz Bach, who eventually became members of the original Spanky and Our Gang. The pair later moved to Chicago and joined forces with Spanky, but not before she did a stint in the Windy City as a singing hat check girl at an Old Town club. "I was really the freak attraction," she laughingly says. "When Nigel and Oz came up and saw me they completely flipped out."

Since that time, it's been nothing but success after success for the brown-eyed brunette. But one thing she says she doesn't like about success is that sometimes it's a hangup to get outside and do a little shopping or sightseeing on her own. "Someone will recognize you and



will begin to stare," she says.

Another thing Spanky enjoys but doesn't get to do often enough is just to jam with other musician friends. "We have so much to do that it's almost impossible to find the time."

Spanky feels that the contemporary music scene has "improved 500 percent" over the last couple of years. "Three years ago I really disliked listening to the radio," she admits. "But the Beatles and other great groups such as the Association, Mamas and the Papas and Turtles have done so much towards improving the whole scene."

Although her group has expanded to six persons, Spanky isn't thinking of stopping there. "We'd like to add some horns and strings for our in-person appearances," she says. "We really get a big kick out of having a lot of people with us."



MALCOLM HALE

"You might say that we're a cross between the Four Freshman and the Andrews Sisters.

Although he's only joking, that's how guitarist Malcolm Hale describes Spanky and Our Gang.

Malcolm, a native of Butte, Mont., who grew up in Cleveland, Ohio, was the first addition to the group after its original formation in Chicago. "One of the reasons I joined was so we could be able to do more intricate four-part harmony," he says.

Malcolm, who at one moment can be deadly serious and at another hilariously funny, originally began his professional music career as a member of the New Wine Singers folk group.

He remained with the act (which included Spanky) until he was called by the Army. Upon his release from the military, he worked as one-half of a folk duo, and later toured Asia in a singing capacity for the State Department.

"When I came back I was playing as a single around town (Chicago), but really wanted to

get into a group," he recalls. "It's more interesting and fun to be with other people. I'll always be in groups because that's where it's at."

Malcolm wound up with Spanky and Our Gang and that's who he's been with since.

One thing he really enjoys about being with the group is traveling. "I like everything about the road except playing Canada in the winter and Florida in the summer."

The rigors of the road can also sometimes be a drag. "If we're playing at a college, we get to the gig at night and return to our motel right after the show," he complains. "We don't get to see anything."

What Malcolm enjoys about success is that "we have people who take care of our business so that we can work on our own material. We have a certain amount of freedom now that we're successful.

What is it like to spend most of your time with the same individuals? "Oh, we're a real family," he says. "We very rarely argue, and when we do it doesn't last very long because it's a surface thing."



NIGEL PICKERING

Nigel Pickering likes to tell about the time he worked as a policeman in Jacksonville, Fla. He was assigned to duty at a local coffeehouse where a small combo was playing. He was so impressed with the group that he quit the police force two weeks later and became a member of the act.

Nigel, who has to be one of the suavest guys going, has been a mainstay of Spanky and Our Gang. He's a warm, intelligent person, and plays one of the best bass guitars around.

A native of Pontiac, Mich., Nigel grew up in Poplar Bluff, Mo., where his father taught him his basics in music. At age sixteen, the guitarist joined the Army and while stationed in Honolulu formed a country band.

He later formed a country group, the Westernaires, in Milwaukee, and at the same time was a country DJ in the Midwest city. His next job was as the aforementioned policeman in Jacksonville.

Before helping form Spanky and Our Gang, Nigel was in a folk group called the Folksters. Playing with him were Kenny Hodges and Lefty Baker, the two newest members of Spanky and our Gang.

Nigel likes the direction in which the group is heading and looks for additional advances in musical progression over the next few months. He especially sees more country music influencing rock, not only within his act but in general.

"The lyrics in country music have become much more hip over the last few years due to some of the new people working in Nashville," he says. "They say country is coming back; actually it's never really been away."





JOHN SEITER

From Judy Henske to Tim Buckley to Odetta to Spanky and Our Gang is quite a route to travel, but Chief John John has taken that trail in his drumming.

John, a native of St. Louis, began his musical career by playing in a rhythm-and-blues group in Missouri city. Because St. Louis "wasn't happening," he took off for the West Coast and began working on recording sessions as a studio drummer.

"Then I joined Judy Henske because she needed a drummer to take on the road," he recalls. "From there I joined Tim Buckley and went to New York to work with him. My next job was with Odetta."

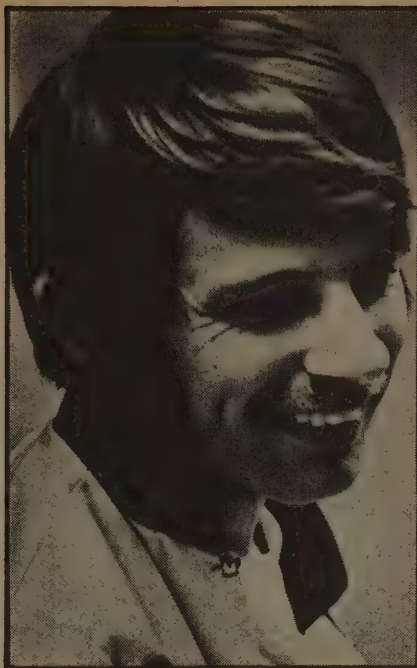
It was while with Odetta that John got his job with Spanky and Our Gang. The drummer was performing with Odetta at the Apollo Theater in Harlem when he learned that Spanky and Our Gang, whose members he had met briefly months before in Chicago, were to be feted at a press party at the Bitter End.

John made it to the party, asked Spanky for a job and nearly fell over when she immediately gave him a "yes" answer.

John is excited about his drumming with the group because he is able to do such a variety of things. "The new material we're doing gives me a chance to do so much," he says. "I eventually want to add some hand drums to the act."

When John started out in music, he first played the piano. He turned to drums because "they're as earthy as you can get."

"Drums complement everything. I dig them as an instrument, not for just banging away."



KENNY HODGES

Kenny Hodges must have had a premonition when Spanky and Our Gang called him to ask about joining the group. Kenny was practicing

one of the act's recent singles, "Lazy Day," when the phone rang.

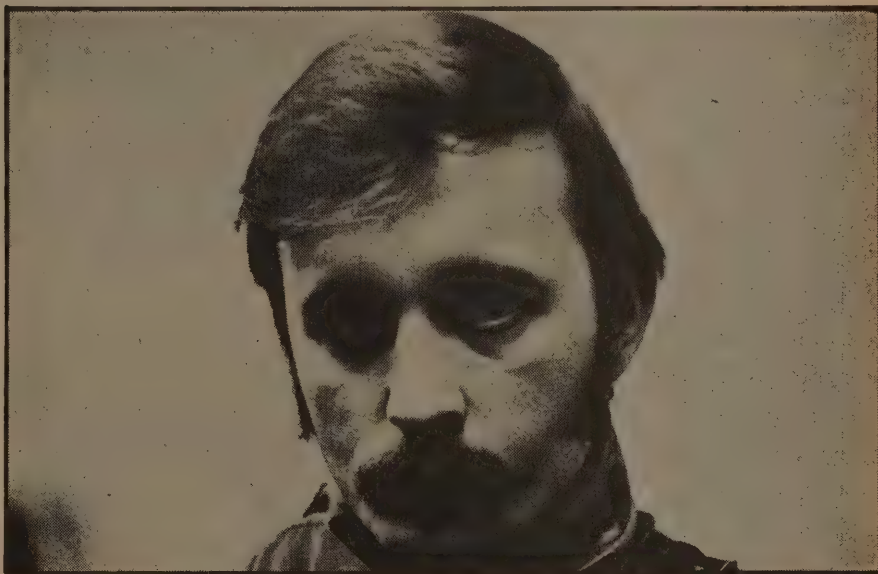
Kenny tells it this way:

"I have a little gadget at home where I can practice on my bass and play along with a specific record. When I first met Spanky months before she had given me her first LP. I put that record on to learn the bass parts, not knowing what would happen within a few minutes.

"I was working on 'Lazy Day' when the phone rang and Nigel Pickering asked, 'What are you doing?' I said I was trying to learn the bass part to 'Lazy Day.' He said the group was looking for a new lead guitarist and bass and they wondered if I or my friend Lefty Baker knew of anyone. He then asked if we would consider joining. We said that we certainly would."

Kenny was born in Jacksonville, Fla., where his first job was as a "horrible" printing salesman. He later met Nigel, who offered him a job as bass fiddle player in a group known as the Folksters. It was through his friendship with Nigel and his later meeting with Spanky that Kenny was considered for the role in Spanky and Our Gang.

He especially enjoys working with the group because of the variety of material performed. "I like all kinds of music," he says. "I always try to find something good in all types."



LEFTY BAKER

As five-string banjo champion of the state of Virginia from 1960 to 1962, Lefty Baker's musical talents fit right into the good-time bag of Spanky and Our Gang.

Lefty, born Eustace Britchforth in Roanoke, Va., got his nickname because of his left-handed pitching prowess in baseball. In fact, he was so good that he once was scouted by the Philadelphia Phillies.

While being raised in Shreveport, La., Lefty took up bluegrass music on the five-string banjo. He later played with such greats as Bill Monroe, Wilma Lee and Stony Cooper.

Lefty later joined the Bitter End Singers and the Folksters, gaining much experience as a folk musician from both groups.

Before joining Spanky and Our Gang, Lefty and Kenny Hodges, the other new-member of the group, were part of a hard rock trio, the Source.

"I like all music," Lefty says. "There's good and bad in all of it. It's great to have a well-rounded repertoire."

Does Lefty have any suggestions to young persons who want to take up music as a career? "Choose what fits your personality, and then stick with it," he says. "But I don't believe that any one field is better than any other."

As an example of Lefty's wide range of musical interests, he says his favorite artists are Eric Clapton, Jimi Hendrix, Earl Scruggs and Sabicas, the Flamenco guitarist. □ fernald bentley (latest album/Like to Get to Know You-Mercury)

An Evening At

COLUMBIA STUDIOS



Los Angeles

The Columbia Broadcasting System takes up an entire Hollywood block on Sunset Boulevard, just past Vine Street. It houses a radio station, television studios, hundreds of offices and the entire ground floor of one of the buildings is devoted to seven of the gigantic company's recording studios where Columbia and Epic records are created. I visited the recording complex one summer night and was able to look in on portions of what will be some of last season's finest recordings in all stages of process.

In a large studio, amidst a tubular jungle of microphones, baffles (screens of sound absorbent material that prevent one instrument from mixing with another) and amplifiers, sat a lone percussionist with a tambourine, adding to a rhythm track of a Laura Nyro record. The tambourine was being overdubbed, a process by which one layer of sound is added to another by adding another "track" or portion of tape over, or ac-

corded. The tambourine was the final part of a song called "Save the Country" which was to be released as a single later that month.

Laura Nyro sat quietly in the control room, watching producer Bones Howe whose list of productions includes *the Association* and *the Fifth Dimension*. It was their first project together and very important to both of them since Howe had been chosen to produce her next album after having produced the *Fifth Dimension's* hit single of her song "Stoned Soul Picnic."

"Lay in heavy on the downbeat" instructed Howe through the talkback (the communications system between the soundproof glass window that separates the control room from the studio). "I want to hear something like 'je-gunng, je-gunng,'" he demonstrated, imitating the sound and rhythm of the tambourine part he wanted. "Take One."

He piped the vocal and instrumental tracks into the headphones the percussionist was wearing, and the entire mon-

tage of sound came roaring into the control room through eight gigantic speakers hanging from the ceiling tilted down toward the console (control panel). Several takes were required before the tambourine part fit the rest of the record. The recording session for "Save the Country" was over. Now the mixing began. I took a face from the ancient gallery and walked on down the hall.

At the other end of the building, across an outside crosswalk and through the studio canteen, ex-disc jockey Sonny Knight, now an A&R man for Columbia, was mixing the first Gordon Alexander album. Gordon Alexander is a folk-singer-poet who lives in Topanga Canyon, a wilderness area some miles outside of L.A. His record is an attempt to make a complete transformation of his poetic ideas into music, with a rich orchestral arrangement, rock rhythms and electronic effects. Gordon Alexander, I learned is the "magician folk-singer of California Legend (though I had heard tales of his tricks on Bleecker

Street in N.Y.'s Greenwich Village) who transfigures his face from angelic to demonic while he sings and creates waves of color that spill down his face and onto his clothing while his voice seems to come from three different parts of the room at once. He demonstrated his feats for me at his home in the hills some weeks later and I am alive and well, though somewhat surprised, to report that it's all true.

In any event, they were mixing a song called "Windy Wednesday." Mixing is the process by which the producer and the engineer work out the fine points of the music on the tapes of the sessions. All the instruments and vocals are down and the two men, with the help of the artist (or vice-versa—it gets to be a very sensitive question of who's helping who, and it is the mixing stage of the game where most arguments are raised) reach in and pull out certain sounds, bringing one instrument in front of another, bringing out the voice and 'cleaning up' the sound so each part or layer of music is precisely audible and the musical and emotional accents are in the right place. It takes thousands of controls, dials, measuring instruments and V-U meters to play with the sound. The actualization of "lets get the vocal so that we can hear every word clearly" is a careful and complex process of setting each track (most recordings are 8-track) at the appropriate volume and tone level and working it out from there.

Gordon's voice, electronically fractured, swelled out of a string section from one speaker and disappeared into some guitars a few bars later while horns took up the melody from a speaker on the other side of the room. Stereo separation is yet another stage of the operation in the producer's hands and in this particular recording the separation was particularly important as all concerned attempted to make each technical subtlety as expressive as possible.

A new group, the Millenium, had played on this song. In a control room almost adjacent to the studio where "Windy Wednesday" was being mixed, producer Kurt Boettcher was finishing off the Millenium album. Boettcher came in during a five minute break to see how things were going. I went to the canteen for some coffee and saw Lou Adler wandering about, checking out each studio, saying hello and generally making his eminent presence known.

The *Electric Flag's* incredible drummer and vocalist Buddy Miles was at the coffee machine when I got to the canteen. I followed him into the building's largest studio where the *Flag* was recording their second album. John Simon, known in recording circles as 'wonder-kind' (he's about 22 years old and has produced such outstanding records as "The Medium is the Message," a media



Laura Nyro

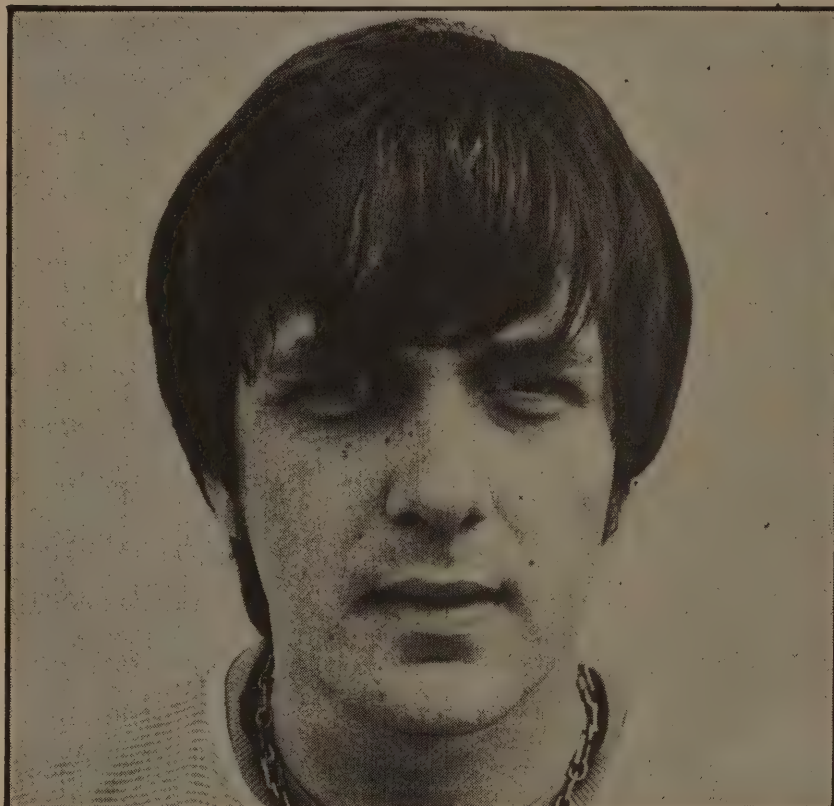


they were listening to the master (completed mix) tape through a tiny 6-inch speaker to see how it would sound over, say, a small transistor radio. Recordings are made with the most sensitive equipment available and played back over immense speakers so the producer, engineer and artist can hear all the music on the tape. But the equipment the recordings are played on by the consumer is rarely of the same caliber so each master is played through small speakers to see how it will sound on ordinary equipment and over the air.

Laura and Bones were ecstatic with the song. They called New York, where it was 4 A.M. and played it for Laura's friend and agent David Geffin. Bones Howe looked weary but happy. I was just about to ask him why they called him Bones when I noticed that he was six feet tall and weighed about 150 pounds. I don't understand how the man can wear hip-huggers when he hasn't any hips.

The crew went into the mastering room and "pulled" three acetates. This is done on a mastering machine which looks like a turntable except the arm is very large and a tube runs from the stylus to an electronic box with many controls. It takes the sound from the tape and cuts grooves into the vinyl surface of an aluminum disc which makes a record to be used temporarily for audition or "first hearing" purposes. This record can only be played about 10 times before the grooves wear through to the aluminum. The actual pressing of the records you buy is done at a separate plant and takes about a week. Bones Howe signed one of the acetates "To Laura, love Bones." And they left the building, smiling.

It was about 2 A.M. when I checked in on the Gordon Alexander mixing session again. "Windy Wednesday" was finished and they were working on a cut titled "One Real Spins Free," a very strange song, with echoes and special effects. I had just about had it for the evening, and they still had a few hours to go. My ears were ringing, and I was punchy from hearing so much music played at such terrific volume. Everyone was elated and exhausted as I turned to go. As I made my way through the labyrinth of halls towards the parking lot the Electric Flag were still playing. "Take it from letter 'D'," said John Simon through the talkback. (They were working from charts, or sheet music scored especially for the session which is marked off as to sections by A, B, C, etc.) Guitars, horns, bass, harp and Buddy Miles on drums took up the heavy rhythmic beat of the blues. The music drifted out into the halls through a partially opened door and was absorbed by the thick cinderblock walls as I walked out into the smoggy Los Angeles night. □ Ellen sander



mix of the McLuhan book of the same name, and the stunning *Blood Sweat and Tears* album, "Child is Father to the Man.") In the control room was a supergroup collection of onlookers—John Sebastian, ex-guiding genius of the old Lovin' Spoonful, ex-Byrd David Crosby, a smattering of the remains of the Buffalo Springfield and several of the *Jefferson Airplane* who had come down from San Francisco to attend the *Electric Flag* session. The band was attempting to record 'live,' that is, without overdubbing, getting all the parts down on tape simultaneously. It was one of the wierdest set-ups I'd ever seen. There were too many of them to fit in one room with amplifiers and baffles and all. They had milked the

stairwell for the horn section and installed a talkback system in the hall.

I walked through the studio through a side door and out of the control room only to be confronted by trumpets and saxophones. Laughter came through the talkback, completely disorienting me. I was quite startled to find them out there and frightened for a moment that I had ruined a 'take.' Fortunately it was a 'run-through' and there was no harm done. With all the visitors, drop-ins, food and drink around, the session was turning into a party. The atmosphere was relaxed and easygoing, the music tight and together. Such are sessions that yield truly infectious recordings.

Back around the corner to the Laura Nyro session. The song was finished and

COUNTRY JOE & THE FISH

On The Personal Side



Not too long ago, the message had to begin in England before the meaning could be felt in the United States. But the roots once again have come back home and this time San Francisco is the place that gives it the proper amount of nourishment for its rhythms to be generated into every part of this country. Those needing labels have tagged it with everything from the new rock and roll, to acid rock, to West Coast Psychedelic. But to call it like it is - it is today and it is now. Most of it is original, searching, innovating,

non-compromising and very, very good. Country Joe and the Fish, exclusive Vanguard recording artists, are one of the most unique, progressive, musically professional groups to emerge from this land of hippy-dippy-dum.

Their unusual sound, influenced by down-home blues and far-out Eastern music, weaves a trail of complex musical progressions around their lyrics, which have the incredible quality of being at times loving and tender and at other times so vitally topical that they are almost brutal in their truth-

fulness. Their words of concern, for the way people are living and more importantly not living today, are helping to establish them as the rock group for people who care. They have the guts to say and play as they believe and they are being accepted nationally for just this reason.

The Fish are Joe McDonald (lead vocal, rhythm guitar, harmonica, songwriter); Barry Melton (lead guitar and vocal); Bruce Barthol (bass and harmonica); David Cohen (alternate lead guitar and organ); and Chicken Hirsch

(drums). They started playing together about a year ago in a coffee house in Berkeley, California as a jug-band rock-group. A few lean months and a desire to stretch their creativity to its furthest limits soon had the group going electric.

Their performances at concerts and dance clubs in the Berkeley area quickly established the Fish as tremendous talent. No less than twelve record companies and independent producers approached the group before they signed with Vanguard Records. They have since played in Big Sur, Seattle and New York as well as at the first International Pop Festival in Monterey.

To remain accessible to the audience at large, and because they refuse to be limited or confined in any way, they play free concerts in parks, municipal squares, parking lots, or whatever space they can find. They have a sense of community responsibility and their community has no geographical boundaries - just where there are those who listen. They inject their particular brand of wry 20th century folk humor into everything they do, whether it be playing on the back of a truck in Golden Gate Park or commenting on the indifference of the masses in the Vietnam War.

BARRY (BLIND EBBETS FIELD)
MELTON, Libra, 20, Guitar

Barry came to Berkeley by way of Brooklyn, L.A. and San Francisco State College and was a catalyst in bringing the group together. In the beginning, he and Joe were doing a folk act together at Jabberwock. He knew Bruce from High School and was moonlighting in David's band before convincing him to become a Fish. When they needed a drummer, he "was walking down the street and found Chicken."

He threatened at one time to change his name to "Crazy Melton," but moments later decided instead on Blind Ebbets Field.

Barry loves non-verbal communication, meaning music in particular and has a special affection for both the political protest songs in the group's repertoire and derivative music. He believes in naming names, muckracking and calling the shots with no punches pulled. And in diversity, he observes: "You can go into any record store and buy music from any time, any place. So music, to be current, must reflect all times and all places." He describes his own influences as Tibetan, Japanese, Near Eastern and Indian music.

DAVID COHEN, Pices, 25, Organ,
Guitar

David's been playing the guitar since he was nine years old - steadily. He



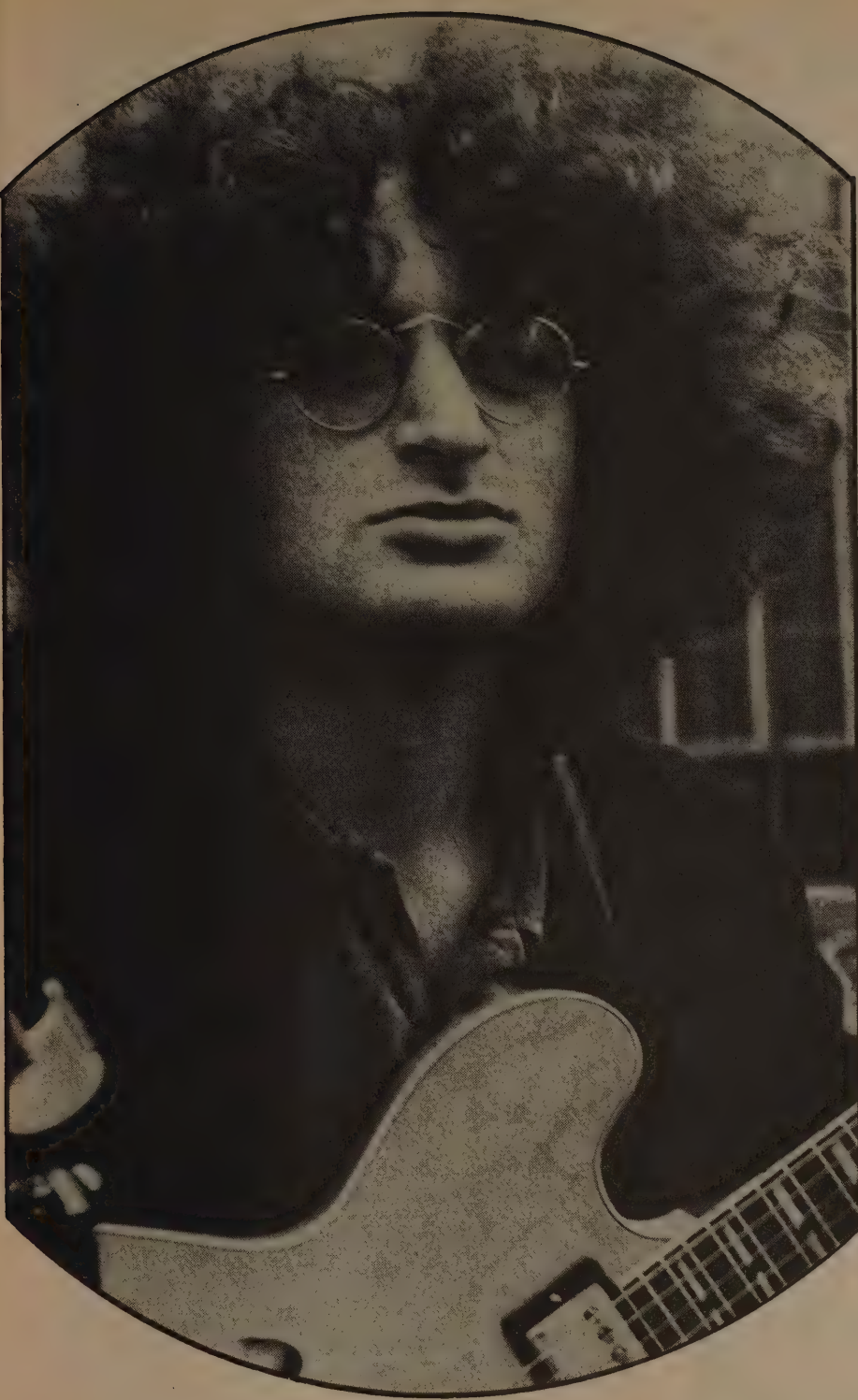
was teaching fretted instruments of all kinds in the Summer of 1965, at which point he left his native New York "to get 3,100 miles away." He landed in Berkeley and performed solo as a folk-singer during that summer, in the course of which he briefly met Barry. David went back to New York in September to continue college, and in February, 1966, he returned to Berkeley and played in several groups (Blackburn and Snow, the Second Coming) before organizing his own band. When he ran into Barry again, he gave Barry a gig in his group. Some three months later he found out

that Barry was a Fish and only moonlighting in his band. The outcome of the ensuing confrontation was both Dave and Barry enlisting as full time Fish.

CHICKEN HIRSCH,
Pices, 27, Drummer

"You have to remember," he says, with a rare, gentle smile, "that I didn't choose the name 'Chicken.' My Hebrew name was 'Gershon,' and when I was about five, the kids started calling me Chicken. I guess it stuck."

It seems that in most rock groups,



as Bach, the Byrds and Joseph Spence.

A politically vocal youth, he has participated in the Berkeley Free Speech Movement, CORE, Young Democrats for Action, ACLU, and worked for Stevenson during nominations and then for Kennedy in the 1960 elections. When asked about 1964, he comments glumly, "I worked against Goldwater." His current political stand is outraged. Bruce feels the Fish movement is an artistic effort "to break through this sanctimonious Americanism that is paralyzing this country and replace it with honesty, sanity, and humanism."

JOE MCDONALD,
Capricorn, 25, Leader

Joe was born in Washington, lived in El Monte and Los Angeles, California until the age of seventeen when he joined the Navy for three years, two of which were spent in Japan. At that time he became a proficient guitarist. After the Navy he travelled up and down the West Coast digging people, music and changes and started writing songs. He finally settled in Berkeley, publishing a magazine called "Et Tu, Brute," and began performing in solo as a folksinger, writing some of his own material. He took on a partner, Barry, and subsequently, the Fish were spawned.

Joe is outspoken, articulate and unapologetically hostile about things that don't make any sense. His songs and his conversations reflect his preoccupation with aberrations that have manifested themselves in politics, communication, law, civil liberties — and establishment that holds creativity an elective in the curriculum of life, dropped from the syllabus when the budget gets tight.

"We were all misfits when we started," says Joe, "We demand to be accepted as human beings. We're going to do our thing and refuse to sell out. We've refused to do certain commercials for this reason. We're human, we're gonna make mistakes (the first album contains a mistake that was deliberately not edited).

"We may look strange and sound strange and that's because we don't consider ourselves slaves to any audience. We're a friendly band, we wouldn't hurt anyone. How could we? We're music. We want to be trusted, to be heard. We'd like to stimulate people to wake up, to think and to create. There are many miracles about us. We're five guys and we work together. We tried living together for awhile, that didn't work out. And we're still together, all of us, the best of friends. That's a miracle." □howie simpson (Latest album/Together-Vanguard)

the drummer is the comedy relief, the extroverted clown. And that may be the reason that it seems odd at first to find Chicken Hirsch a quiet, sensitive man, soft spoken and very peaceful, whose hobbies are painting and drawing. He describes his paintings as large and loud and then notes the comparison to amplified music. "Size and volume in art and live music serve essentially the same function. You have to be large and loud to compete with mass media, to be seen, to be heard."

And as his paintings and drumming show one side of Chicken Hirsch, his

drawings, small, beautifully detailed and controlled, reflect the other.

BRUCE BARTHOL, Scorpio, 20

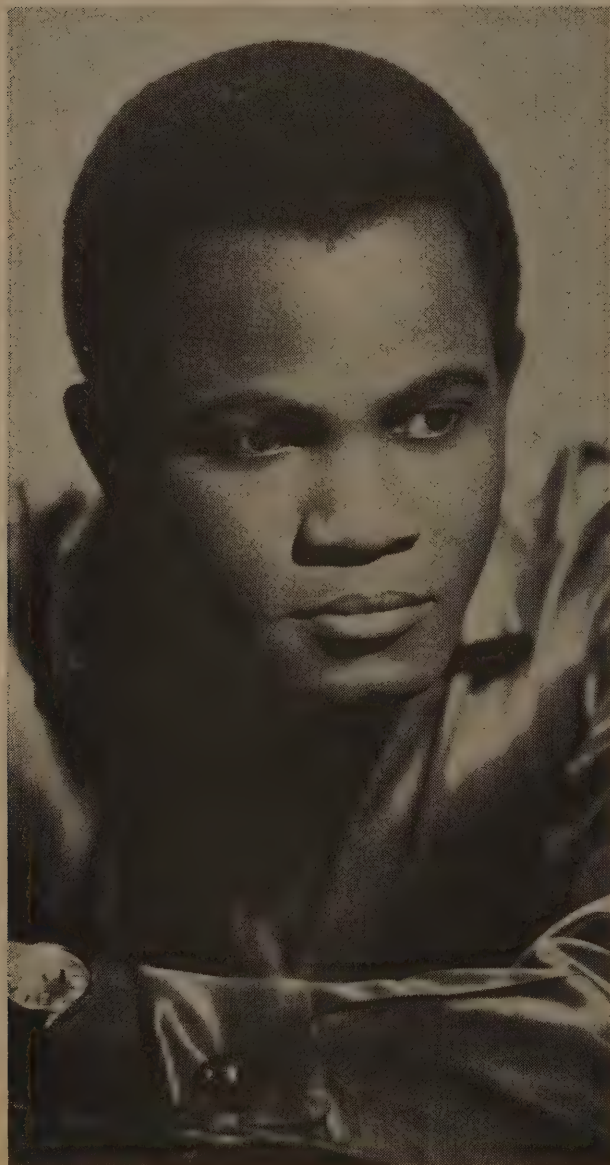
Born in Berkeley to musical parents, Bruce has been turned on to music since he was five. He started with guitar, harmonica and autoharp and picked up the clarinet somewhere along the line — but not for long. He took up the five-string banjo and topical folk music at fourteen and then electric music and the semi-acoustic four-string banjo. Barry cites his musical influences



granny's gossip

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The Beatles may go to Moscow. Negotiations for concerts by the Beatles and other British artists are currently underway in the Russian capitol. Blues Project fans will be glad to know that two charter members, drummer Roy Blumenfeld and bassist/flutist Andy Kulberg have formed Sea Train with John Gregory on guitar and vocals and violinist Richard Green, whom you probably remember from the Kweskin Jug Band. Scores of Blues Project fans came to the Cafe Au Go Go to hear the new group. Sea Train has recorded an album for Verve. . . . The "Soul Together" benefit concert starring Aretha Franklin, Sam & Dave, the Rascals, Joe Tex, Sonny & Cher and King Curtis drew 21,000 people, the largest crowd ever to attend the new Madison Square Garden.



Almost \$10,000 was raised from ticket sales, donations and program book advertising for the Martin Luther King Memorial Fund and the N.A.T.R.A. (National Association of Television and Radio Announcers) Summer Program for Underprivileged Children. Jimi Hendrix attended the concert, where he was besieged by autograph seekers. Jimi donated a personal check for \$5,000. Dozens of celebrities and important record industry people attended. Joe Tex got the show off to an unexpectedly early start because he had to fly in a rented plane to Knoxville, Tennessee for another show at eleven that night. Sonny & Cher announced to the audience that Cher is expecting a baby again.

The duo interrupted work in Hollywood on Cher's current movie, with music by Sonny, tentatively titled "Chastity," to do the concert in New York. Sam & Dave, with their energetic, smoothly choreographed twelve-piece band, stole the show. They are a powerhouse that must be experienced live to be fully appreciated. . . . The title of the movie in which Mick Jagger makes his solo acting debut has been changed from "The Performers" to "Performance." Jagger plays a has-been entertainer living a life of seclusion. His best friend in real life, actor James Fox, plays a murderer on the run. . . . Herman's Hermits will begin their third full-length movie, possibly a murder thriller, in England and America in November. . . . Also, in November, blues artist Junior Wells goes on a twelve-week, ten country Far Eastern Tour sponsored by the U.S. State Department. Earlier this year Wells took his band on a thirteen country African tour. . . .

Saxophonist King Curtis just got back from a tour of U.S. military bases in Germany. He's been offered ten thousand dollars and seventeen first class plane tickets to Portugal to play at a private party there. . . .

The Rolling Stones certainly roll around a lot. One weekend Keith Richard was in Rome, Mike Jagger was in Paris and Brian Jones visited Spain. Mick was seen in Los Angeles a few weeks later. . . . In October, the Fireballs will spend three weeks touring England. . . .

Accompanied by Jane Asher, Paul McCartney served as best man at the wedding of his younger brother Mike McGear, of Scaffold, to 23-year-old Angela Fishwick, who was introduced to Mike four years ago by Gerry Marsden of Gerry & The Pacemakers. The Pacemakers have retired from show biz, but Gerry is currently starring in a London musical. . . . Two record companies refused to finance a "A Tramp Shining" album, composed and produced by Jim Webb (writer of "Up, Up And Away" and "By The Time I Get To Phoenix") and sung by actor Richard Harris, because it was budgeted at \$40,000. Dunhill Records finally backed the project. Costs ran up to \$68,000, but within six weeks the album earned \$250,000 in profits. . . . Julie Dricoll has cut all her kooky, kinky curls. "Jools" now wears a crewcut. It's little things like that that make a girl a fashion-setter. . . . The Box Tops do a seventeen-day tour of England this month. . . . Dionne Warwick sang at the Newport Jazz Festival this summer



Gerry & The Pacemakers.



Kveskin Jug Band

. . . . Atlantic Records would like to unite several members of the now disbanded *Buffalo Springfield* with ex-Byrd *David Crosby* and ex-Spoonful *John Sebastian*. That would certainly be a super group. But will it happen? . . . Ex-Spoonful *John Sebastian* is writing

the score for a Broadway play-with-music starring *Dustin Hoffman* and written by *Murray "Luv" Schisgal*. . . . *Bee Gee* drummer *Colin Petersen* married his manager's 23-year-old secretary, *Joanne Newfield*, in Nassau. . . . *David Ruffin* has left the *Temptations*. He will continue to record for Motown. *Dennis Edwards*, formerly of the *Contours*, one of Motown's earliest groups, replaces *David*. . . . *The Rolling Stones* were involved in a real-life drama when the recording studio, where they were filming a scene for their "One By One" movie, caught fire. *The Stones* were recording a song

for their next LP while famous French director *Jean-Luc Goddard* filmed them. At 4:07 a.m. the roof of the Olympic Sound Studios in London caught fire and blazed furiously. "The fire brigade was so thorough in extinguishing the blaze that our Hammond organ and all the electrical equipment were completely drenched," said *Mick Jagger*. "The sequence will have to be re-taken." The movie has two parallel themes - construction, represented by the recording session, and destruction, in the form of a love triangle that ends in suicide. *The Stones'* performance has been described as "musical embroidery to the plot." That sounds like a nice thing, whatever it is. . . . *Paul McCartney*, having composed the theme music for a new London weekend TV comedy series "Thingummybob," conducted the world-famous *Black Dyke Mills Brass Band*, who recorded the theme in Bradford, England one sunny Sunday afternoon. . □

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THE STORY OF RECORDING
BIG BROTHER

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COMING IN

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BALDWIN ELECTRIC HARPSICHORD

The overall appearance and performance of the harpsichord has been borrowed from the past and improved for the future. The classic grace of the traditional harpsichord is still there. However, it is interpreted in contemporary styling with a transparent Plexiglas acrylic plastic lid, welded aluminum rim, vibrantly colorful interior, mahogany legs, and keys of Implex, a high-impact modified acrylic plastic.

The instrument weighs only 85 pounds and is but 54 inches long. The legs are easily removed. Easy mobility allows the instrument to fit into a small corner or take a spotlight position at showtime.

Some of the added features of the Baldwin harpsichord are separate pickups - one at the center of the string and one at the bridge end - allowing for two completely different tonal qualities. The blue tonal color (center pickup) is a clear, deep-throated, resonant string tone with long sustaining power. The red tonal color (bridge pickup) is a driving, twangy string sound with pronounced plucking and long sustenance.

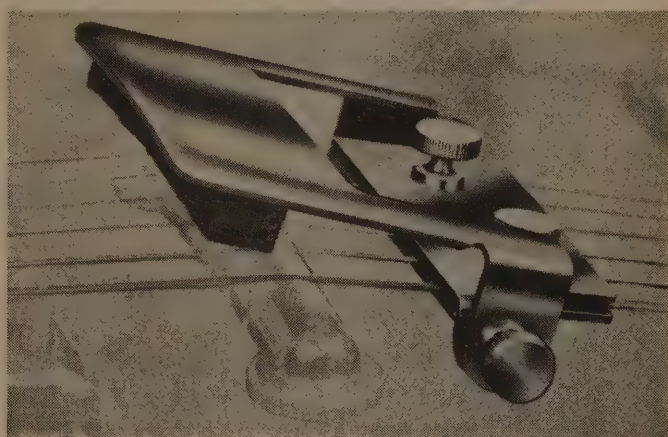
The tone color controls provide individual switches for blue bass, blue treble, red bass and red treble. Each switch has three positions: left-left pedal; center-



MAGNATONE'S NEW 1,000 WATT AMP



BALDWIN ELECTRIC HARPSICHORD



FAST ACTION GUITAR MUTE

off; right-right pedal. The two pedals located in a separate housing on the floor provide remote volume control for the two-channel Baldwin amplifier. A pedal located at the base of the right front leg dampens strings to produce a muted effect and emphasizes the plucked sound. This pedal may be locked down.

Among the design features of the harpsichord is a range of $5 \frac{3}{4}$ octaves, A to C (57 notes), with middle C located at the center of the keyboard. The string length, diameters and plucking points are based on classical accoustical harpsichords, modified for electric harpsichords.

MAGNATONE'S NEW 1,000 WATT AMP

Incorporating many of the fine features of the other amps in the new Magnatone line, the new 1,000 watt unit features 2-15" woofers, 2-15" mid-range speakers, 2-15" passive radiators, 4-10" high-frequency speakers and 8 high-frequency horns. Standing almost eight feet high and weighing more than 500 pounds, it also boasts front mounted speakers, a solid back and tuned and ported cabinet.

FAST ACTION GUITAR MUTE

Ronny Lee, writer of instruction books

for fretted instruments, and guitar authority, has invented a QWIK MUTE for guitar. This amazing new device enables the guitarist to easily produce the exciting muted guitar effect that is so popular in today's music. In the twinkling of an eye the player can provide a percussive muted tone, and just as quickly he can switch back to the normal guitar tone.

According to Estey President, Stanley Green, the new giant amp is only one of several achievements Magnatone has come up with in recent months. "Some time ago," Mr. Green stated, "we decided to redesign our entire line of sound equipment. We developed our new Brute Series Amps. As well as new p.a. systems and auxiliary sound units. While our new 1,000 watt amp is definitely the industry leader, it's only one example of the many advances we've made throughout the Magnatone line." Cost is \$5,000.

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side of the hand to produce the muted effect, the QWIK MUTE affords the guitarist unrestricted right hand technique when playing muted single string solos or rhythm guitar background.

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my favorite records

MARTHA REEVES

I've got so many albums home I can't even remember my favorite ones. One of my favorites is "Nancy Wilson Live At The Coconut Grove" on Capitol. She's in the best of voice. All of the songs have a beautiful sound and the paces are excellent. The audiences reaction is sensational. If I were Nancy, I'd consider that album a feather in my cap. Morgana King is another one of my favorite vocalists. I particularly like her album called "A Taste Of Honey" on Fontana. She has amazing control and a wide vocal range. Flip Wilson's beautiful too. His Atlantic album, "Cowboys And Colored People" always makes me laugh. Flip has a beautiful mind. If I ever wanted to be a comedian, I'd pattern myself after him. He's very witty.

One of my all-time favorites is "The Temptations Live." They have such a groove going on that album. I've seen them work a thousand times but it's not like listening to that album. A live performance is fleeting but you can listen to this album over and over. Then there's a duo called Pair Extrordinaire on Liberty. Just fantastic.

My last album is "Lady Soul" by Aretha Franklin on Atlantic. I admire her so much. She's the greatest singer soul has ever had and ever will have. She's got her own place and anyone who copies her murders themselves. She's so fantastic. Oh, I can't forget the Beatles. "Sgt. Pepper" is such a groove. They're so incredibly talented. I listen to these albums all the time. My latest trip is Jimi Hendrix. The Vanilla Fudge knocks me out with "You Keep Me Hangin' On." They do "Eleanor Rigby" very well too.



JOHN KAY OF STEPPENWOLF

I like every album and every song the Beatles have done from "Rubber Soul" on. The Beatles and George Martin have defied everything that was sacred. They've broken all the limitations. They've encompassed every kind of music you can think of. It's just a case of four guys reaching a stage in their music where they really got turned on, and took it a step further. Before the Beatles, American rock was at an all-time low. The Beatles are my favorite all-time consistent group.

Another particular favorite is "Reflections In A Crystal Wind" by Richard and Mimi Farina on Vanguard. Richard, who died, had tastes in music which paralleled mine. I like melodic things and emotional music. My lyrics and his say what we think. His music is so simple and warm it just hits the mark.

I guess everybody likes Ravi Shankar. Shankar is a musical tranquilizer. I like Leonard Cohen mainly for his lyrics. I enjoy certain songs from a lot of other albums but I can't think of any other entire albums I like. On "Axis: Bold As Love" for instance, I only like a couple of songs. The rest of his stuff is artistic but it doesn't move me. □



The Scene
(continued from page 6)

it first came out), the Beatles, Brian Epstein (when he passed away, Murray re-played the tape in honor of the late Beatle's manager), the Yardbirds, the Association, the Vanilla Fudge, Spanky and Our Gang, Who, Spencer Davis Group, the Youngbloods, Simon and Garfunkel, and scores of others. These interviews were almost every week night. Sometimes they brought their new releases before the other AM stations got to them. Like, Mr. Epstein brought the Bee Gees over to Murray, and played them long before AM heard of the Bee Gees.

Then WOR took a turn for the worst. It condoned the Victor Lundberg record, putting people down. It forced the DJs to play it every two hours.

Slowly the management gained control, forcing them to play other records as well. Without warning, Murray got a telegram saying "don't come back."

Then the other DJs were angry, both at the change of policy and the firing of Murray the K. Rosko was the first to take action by quitting on the air. He charged the management with changing its policies, and he quit right then and there. I missed the action because he did it about one in the morning, while I was asleep. But I read about it and heard about it.

Then Johnny Michaels left, but not on the air. Alone, Scott Muni asked for letters and comments about his show whether they liked it or not. I knew he would soon quit. And he did.

With the old format, WOR was the first FM station in the world to have a listener audience of one million. When everybody left, they were replaced with screaming, fast talking DJs who played the top forty. Not only that but it is now an oldie station playing Murray's tapes. In this way they exploited him.

Scott Muni and Rosko have gone to WNEW-FM. Johnny Michaels once took the place of another absent announcer at WNEW.

Just recently N.Y. saw the better format station spread. WABC-FM has changed from a classical station to a good rock station. The only DJ there so far is Bobaloo who is so sincere that it's frightening. He's also flipped out on Hendrix, as I am. But nevertheless, the old WOR-FM is irreplaceable. □ b. presley



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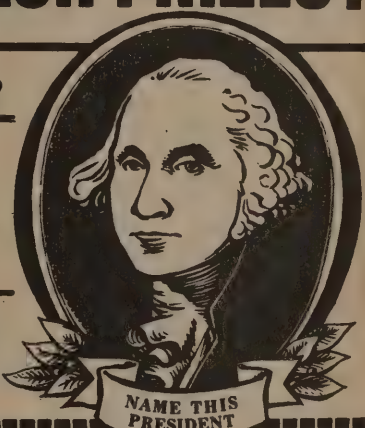
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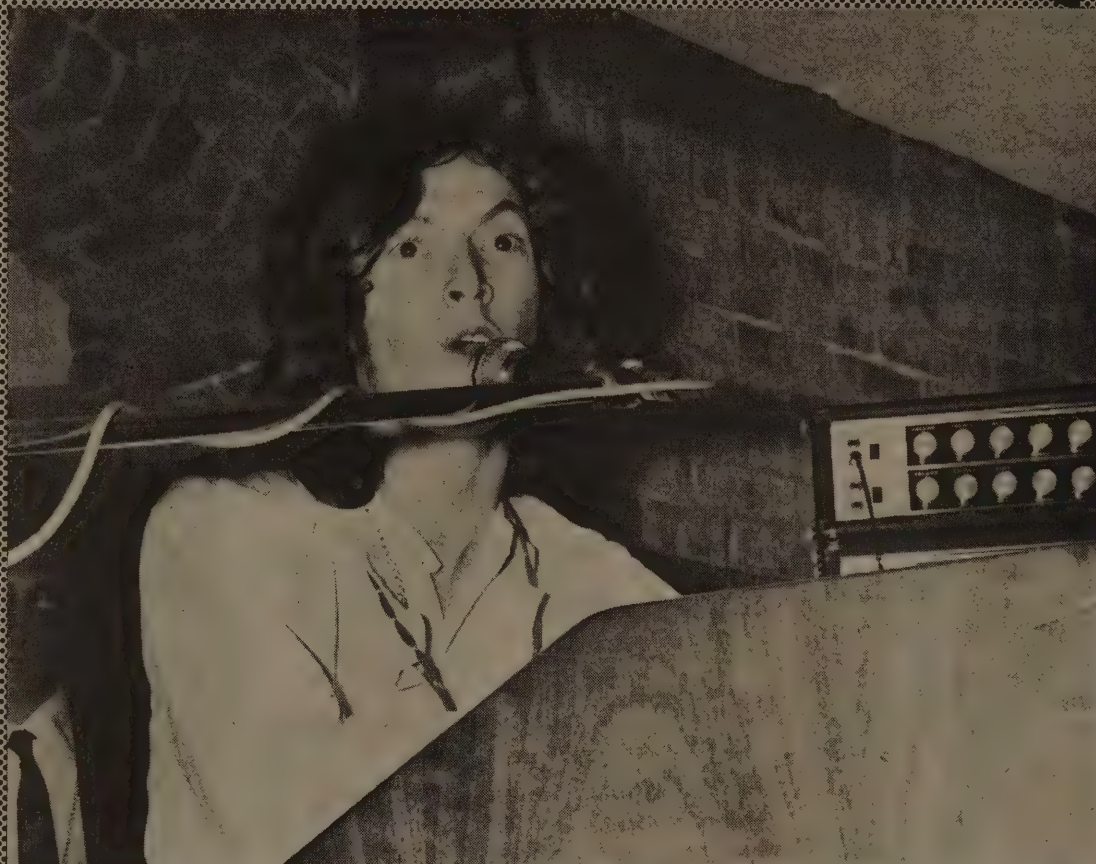
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STEVIE WINWOOD

And Mr. Fantasy



He's pale and thin and so painfully frail-looking you'd think that the wind could blow him away, but for little Stevie Winwood, the frailty ends right there with his physical appearance. Musically, he's big. He's a versatile musician whose talents take in organ, piano, bass guitar, harpsichord, harmonica, guitar and drums. He's an original songwriter with beautiful things like 'Heaven Is In Your Mind' and 'Dear Mr. Fantasy' to his credit, and he's a heart-rendingly emotive singer with a vocal quality all his own. No one who

has heard the pleading 'No Face, No Name, No Number' from Traffic's 'Mr. Fantasy' album could fail to be moved by the all-pervading sadness of the Winwood voice, yet Steve himself denies that sadness is the only bag he carries.

"I get through as many changes as anyone else does and maybe more," was his recent comment. "I think that out of any hurt comes music but it's difficult to explain. I feel that things that have happened to you — and they needn't necessarily be sad things because even if nothing happens to you

that's sad in itself — they all affect your music. It's just a matter of trying to relate unhappiness along with happiness and beauty."

With Traffic, Steve claimed, although no balance of moods is consciously sought, the group's rapport is such that equality of mood eventually emerges. Since he left the Spencer Davis Group and joined forces with Dave Mason, Chris Wood and Jim Capaldi, the actual quality of Steve's voice has noticeably changed from the self-conscious Negroid imitation of 'Keep On Running'

to the highly personal kind of choked pleading evident throughout the mind-blowing 'Mr. Fantasy.'

Steve, (he prefers that to the earlier abbreviation of his name,) is now 20, yet he has already been at the forefront of progressive music for nearly five years. The blues was his earliest influence, as he explained. "It was really the deepest music I'd ever heard, emotionally. For some reason I felt some relationship to it, but I didn't know why because at that age I didn't stop to think why. I just went ahead."

As he started to get further into the involvement of singing and playing the blues, Steve began to realize that the genre was merely a stepping-stone to self-realization. "It just got bigger and bigger and opened up a whole new thing. The older I got, the wider it got. Now I even find it difficult to compare music of different kinds. It has to be honest in most cases, because if it's not, then it can't be music — not real music, anyway."

Although Steve has come a long way from the 'Keep On Running' days when he was idolized as 'Little Stevie', one of the first teeny-bopper idols to emerge from a group of musicians as opposed to purely commercial popdom, he still has an ear for the blues. In Traffic's stage act they play several blues numbers, sometimes for as long as twenty minutes with Steve wailing at the organ keyboard. "I would really like to use piano live but it's so difficult," said Steve sadly, "In fact, it's quite impossible. It's easy enough to amplify if it's a good piano, but that's not the reason because I'd like to play acoustically, anyway. Amplification limits the sound because of all the things that are inside the amplifier."

Playing loudly is no good unless you've already played soft, Steve maintained. "It's just a matter of blending the two, but it's definitely important to have power which is something you can get without loudness."

Returning to the blues, the singer admitted to no particular favorites because: "I just like the feeling. Blues has got a special kind of emotional draw but there are lots of other kinds of music that have this emotional appeal, too. I listen to a lot of jazz and recently the people that have got to me have been Larry Coryell, Charles Lloyd, John Handy. They seem to be bringing music into one thing which is just what we are trying to do, too."

I suggested that such popular jazz musicians were, in fact, bridging the gap between established jazz and the pop underground. "Well, no," he replied. "It's not that exactly, it's more like bringing the music into one thing. I don't think there ever was a gap, really, it was just manufactured. There

shouldn't be a gap at all, it's just something, I suppose, that stems from commercial reasons."

Traffic are not the kind of group who go into a studio set, emerging with a hit single; they go in just to play, hoping to eventually produce an album. For this reason Steve, like the other three, tends to dwell much more in the present than on the achievements of the past, but when pressed for his favorite tracks on 'Mr. Fantasy,' he admitted: "I went through a lot of stages and at one time they were all my favorites. At the moment I'd say 'House For Everyone' is the one I think of more." He was not especially saddened by the failure of 'No Face, No Name, No Number' as a single because, "You see, there are a lot of good records that don't make it because the charts have gotten less important now — unless you want them to mean something. The chart stands for record sales but not just every record sale, it's also involved with time: the number of records sold within a week. It's tied up with time and fashion and has little to do with music."

It is generally supposed that the title of Mr. Fantasy' and the overall dream-like quality of the album were inspired by the ghost that traditionally haunts the little cottage where Steve and the others take refuge from the ravages of the metropolis. Ironically, the singer's former combo, the Spencer Davis group have also experienced a touch of the supernatural on a recent American tour. Steve is not especially interested in perpetuating the myth that surrounds his adopted Berkshire countryside home. "A lot of people have told us that something is there but the LP was more or less based on the spirit of fantasy and not on any one person or any particular thing." Their isolation and the advantage for introspection help the group to divorce their minds from reality and consequently bring about an ideal atmosphere for musical creativity. With all their stage equipment permanently set up in their picturesque countryside

home when they're not on tour, the opportunities for experimentation are unlimited. "Beautiful," was how the little singer described the pastoral setting extolled by Jim Capaldi's lyrics on 'Berkshire Poppies.' "We can just play what we want to whenever we feel like it. Whenever we're not working and we feel like making some sounds we can go ahead without disturbing anyone and record anything we want to."

Moving into the country and escaping the hubub of the big city was the only kind of choice for someone with the singer's retiring disposition. "You either want to do something or you don't," he stated flatly. "I mean I could have been in somewhere I couldn't play anytime that I wanted to but that wasn't what I wanted. I wanted to be able to play whenever and wherever and whatever and I do. We all do."

The singer is grateful that Traffic are not what might be described as an overly commercial group with the perpetual onus on them to churn out hit records at the drop of a hat. "We don't even have to make that decision, or to classify ourselves because it's up to what other people want to think. If you say that you're one thing, it automatically limits you in a way. The public makes the decision in some respect. I'd say that we've been lucky because we're liked by all sorts of audiences. And particularly by people who like progressive music." As he said that, a grateful smile lit up the singer's palid face and I recalled another ex-group member who has made a relatively good scene for himself as a leader speculating on Steve's insistence at returning to another group scene. But the thing is so obvious: Steve Winwood is a part of Traffic and they are a part of him. They work well together, incredibly well, and make some fine music. For Stevie, there's no need to look anywhere else but home. □ Valerie Wilmer (latest album/Mr. Fantasy - United Artists)



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JOHNNIE JOHNSON,
FIRST PIANIST WITH CHUCK BERRY
As Told To Jim Delehant.

I was born July 8, 1924 in Fairmont, West Virginia. I finished Dunbar High School there and in 1939 I went to Detroit to work in a defense plant. In 1943 I volunteered for the Marine Corp. where I played in a special service band. In 1946 I was discharged and came back to Detroit where I played some jobs. I moved to Chicago and got some real professional jobs; then in 1952 I moved to St. Louis where I organized a group called the Caravan of Soul Senders. I still have that band. There are seven of us - bass, drums, 2 horns, vibes, myself and a singer.

One night I was short a man and called on Chuck Berry. We were playing the Cosmopolitan Club. Then there were just three guys: Chuck, me and a drummer, Ebby Hardy. This was in 1954. At the time Chuck was singing a song called "Ida Red." He took it to Chess and they had him change it to "Maybelline." We stuck together for a lot of records, "Down Bound Train" "Brown-Eyed Handsome Man." I still record with him once in a while.

When I came to Illinois, Chuck was playing at the Huff Gardens. He had two guitars, a tenor sax and a drummer. He was playing rock then. He knew about two pieces when I met him - "Mary Joe," and a hillbilly song called "Ida Red." That was in 1952. Before that he worked in a factory.

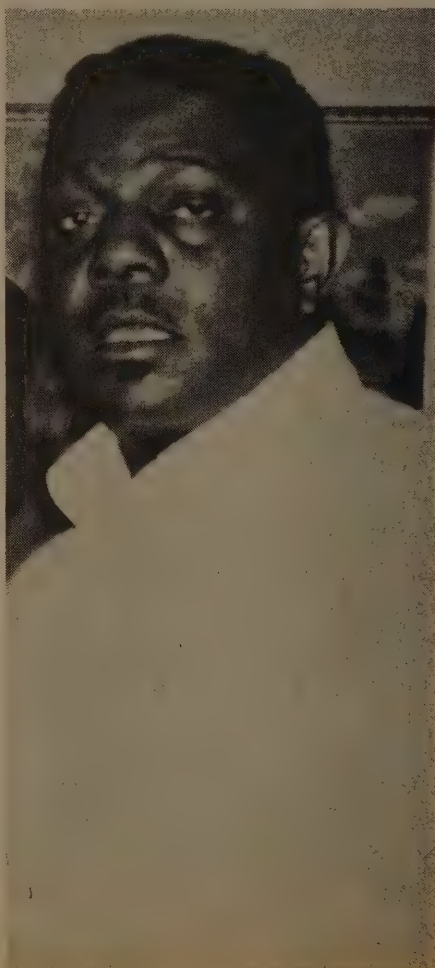
I knew his music was different, but I didn't think it would be big. He based all his stuff on "Maybelline" and was very successful.

I first heard the term rock and roll after Chuck did "Maybelline." We did the Apollo Theatre in New York and there were a bunch of vocal groups then. They all had a drummer behind them that just socked a simple hard beat. Everybody used that beat. I was told it was a rock and roll beat. My piano playing just fit it perfectly.

Before, drummers did a lot of work on the ride cymbal. That was all you could hear. But rock had a back beat on the snare drum and a drive beat on the ride cymbal whether the song was fast or slow.

We did a cross country tour - 101 one-nighters. This was right after "Maybelline" came out. It was all big halls; all races came. This tour was with Buddy Johnson. All we played every night was "Wee Wee Hours" and "Maybelline." I was on a show with Illinois Jack, Arthur Prysock, Big Jay McNeely. I jammed with lots of guys - Lester Young too. I loved to play "B.B. Blues" with him. When we finished our show, we'd go out and catch the music in that particular town.

We just sat in the theaters all day waiting for the show to start. They had movies in between, and I saw so many movies I swore I'd never see another one again. It got very monotonous hanging around. We got around though. □



TOMMY BOYCE



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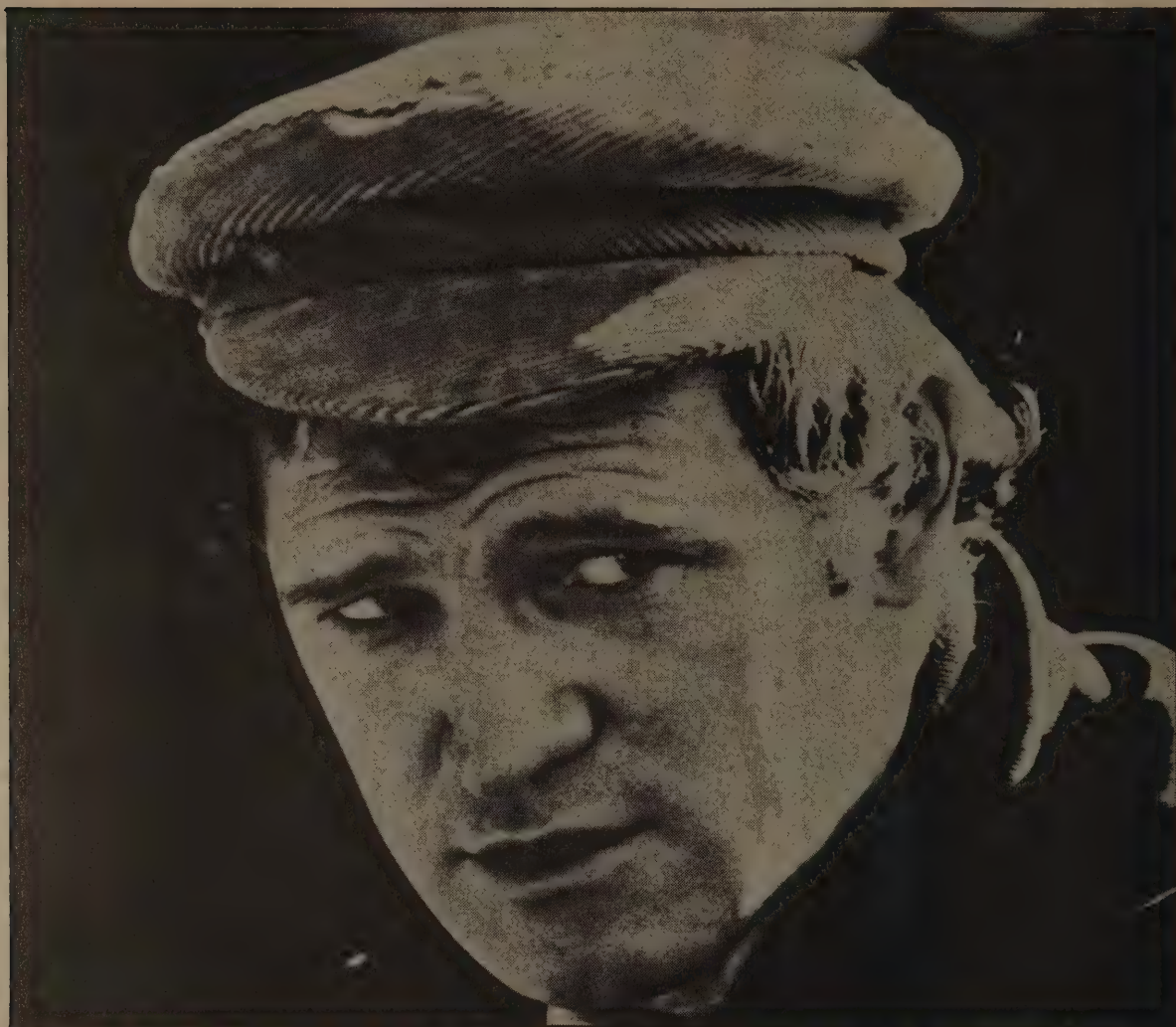
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RICHARD HARRIS



Richard Harris is one of those admirable Irishmen who conceals a deeper sensitivity under a fine sense of the absurd and couples that with a rare lust for life which compensates for that Final Irish Solution - 'a good punch in the gob!'

Here at last is a 'man' to compensate for some of the callow youths at present attempting to emulate the young gods of yester-year and here at last is someone singing songs worth listening to with ear, heart and mind.

I phoned the lad from Limerick recently in Pennsylvania shortly before he was due on the film set with Sean Connery. He is highly delighted with his new found status as a pop singer.

"It's incredibly unbelievable! I'm loving every minute of it," said Richard. "I'm keeping a very careful eye on it in the English charts. Hang on a minute while I turn down the record player."

There has been a tendency among

some to underestimate Harris' contribution to "MacArthur Park" in the light of the tremendous musical talent of Jim Webb, but they would do well to pay closer attention to this actor's interpretation of the lyric. He moves inside the sympathy of the words and extracts the last ounce of feeling from the song with his fine phrasing and enunciation.

"I heard Jim Webb's work about 18 months ago in America," revealed Richard. "At that time he was writing some things for Johnny Rivers, which frankly I thought were brilliant but badly recorded. He had nowhere to stay so I gave him my house on Malibu Beach and installed a harpsichord for him to work on. He did a charity show for me down there and I got him to agree to work on an album with me.

"The album, 'A Tramp Shining' (from which 'MacArthur Park' has been taken) costs approximately 90,000 dollars to

produce and at first no record company would touch us. We went to Sinatra's Reprise label and they said it was too expensive. We went to American Columbia and they were scared and wanted to know 'who the hell Jim Webb was.' I told them 'You'll find out in a year's time when he is the next biggest thing to the Beatles.'"

And so it was that eventually Dunhill picked up the explosive Webb-spun magic. The album which was produced with scores of American musicians in Los Angeles was finally rounded off when Richard put the vocal tracks on in a London recording studio over Christmas.

"A lot of the work on 'MacArthur Park' was completed by Jim in England," said Richard. "I rented A.A. Milne's (author of 'Winnie The Pooh') old cottage in the country for him. He was very good about the vocals and let me work my own interpretations. Someone asked

Talks About **JIM WEBB**



him why he only wrote sad songs and he said, 'I can only write sad songs and Richard can only sing sad songs.' That's about it.

"A number of the titles on the album are very personal. They were written after conversations I had with Jim about incidents in my own life and he would go away and build a song around them. For example, 'Paper Chase' on the flip of 'MacArthur Park,' came about after my nine-year-old son Damon insisted on singing 'Paper Chase' to the words of 'Paper Cup', another song that Jim had already written. Jim kept telling him that it was 'Cup' and finally asked him what a 'Paper Chase' was, and the result was the song."

Richard has a six album contract with Jim over three years. I learned that the next single is likely to make no concessions to those misbegotten DJs who claim it is too long.

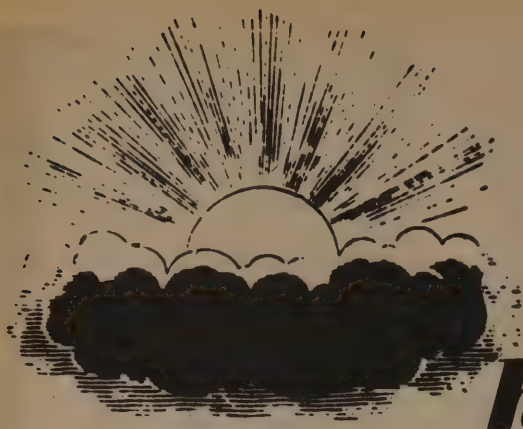
"It should be even longer than 'MacArthur Park' and will probably be called 'Hymn From Grand Terrace'" said Richard. "We are planning that the third album should have one side which will be a complete song on its own. We got that idea after listening to the Moody Blues' album 'Days of Future Past,' which we both like tremendously," said Richard.

Richard has already completed a number of major U.S. TV promotions on his single, including the Ed Sullivan Show, Johnny Carson Show and Mike Douglas Show, on which he performed a track-a-week from the album. However, in lieu of his film commitments he will not be able to appear in England until August when his present film finishes.

I asked him how the fans were reconciling his "hard drinking, hard living, tearaway image" exemplified in general Press coverage, with the more sensitive impression given by his hit record?

"I think that the youngsters who have seen me in 'Camelot' have been reconciled to a more peaceful image," said Richard. "They relate the character of Arthur and his crusades to the singing message."

If they were to hold a competition for the pop star most likely - there would be a good chance that Richard Harris would get the award for the most "unlikely." On the cover of his album, "A Tramp Shining" he is depicted as having more hair below his ears than above his eyebrows, a prominent nose - which we many more courteously refer to as "noble" - deep laughter lines about the eyes and the kind of well used face which looks as though someone might have ridden a bike over it. And yet how pleased I am to hear him and his well worn voice singing songs of truth. □ Keith Altham (latest album - A Tramp Shining - Dunhill)



new stars on the horizon



**BOBBY TAYLOR AND THE
VANCOUVERS**

Bobby Taylor and the Vancouvers, Motown's newest group who hit the top of the charts with their first Gordy release, "Does Your Mama Know About Me," were discovered by another famed Motown group, Diana Ross and the Supremes. While the girls were appearing in Vancouver, they stopped in at an after-hours club called the Elegant Parlor, where they saw Bobby and the group and became so enthused with their performance that they immediately contacted Berry Gordy, Jr., president of Motown. Mr. Gordy

viewed the act and made immediate plans to have them join the Motown family.

The group is headed by lead singer Bobby Taylor; Thomas Chong, guitarist; Wes Henderson, bass guitarist; Eddie Patterson, guitarist; Robbie King, organist; and Ted Lewis, drummer.

Mascot of the group is Bobby's lion cub, Timba, who travels almost everywhere with them. Fond of wild felines as pets ("it's been one of my ambitions to own several wild cats since I was a kid"), Bobby is now seeking a tiger cub to keep Timba company.

Born in Brooklyn, New York, Bobby Taylor was educated at St. Joseph's School in Clayton, Md., and graduated from California's San Jose State College.

His first big break in show business came through when he was signed to appear at Big Al's, Albert Falgiano's North Beach Club near San Francisco. In addition to appearing at the club, Bobby and the Vancouvers appeared in the motion picture "Once A Thief" which was filmed there.

Sidney Poitier and Telly Savalas offered Bobby encouragement during his early years, and Bobby feels that he owes much to their help.

AUTOSALVAGE

Autosalvage — from the Latin, freely translated, meaning "To save yourself." Auto Salvage — from the American, freely translated, meaning car junk yard. The group sings of the place in its first album (LPM/LPS -3940), an auspicious debut for RCA of the East Coast rock group which was discovered (playing at New York's Cafe Au Go Go), by Frank Zappa of the Mothers of Invention.

The leader of Autosalvage is Thomas Danaher. Tom, a devotee of folk and bluegrass music, brought the group together in mid-1966, and first performed at the Cafe Au Go Go. He finds himself most influenced by such disparate names as Leadbelly, Stravinsky, Dylan, Shostakovich, Guthrie. The son of an artist, Tom's prime pre-music pastime was painting and sculpting. He was born in Waynesboro, Pennsylvania, twenty-four years ago, and attended Mercersburg (Pa.) Academy and Syracuse University. Since, he has repaired acoustical equipment, painted houses, taught guitar, traveled and has been a long-distance runner, and, in his own words, has been "wiggled out by the Cavalier Bravery of Bob Dylan." Autosalvage is his first group; he sings lead (he calls himself a mountain tenor) and plays rhythm guitar.

Darius LaNoue Davenport, who sings back-up harmonies with the group, and plays such instruments as krummhorn and recorder, in addition to oboe, piano, trombone, guitar and bass guitar, is a native of New York. He comes from a family of professional musicians — his father, Jack, is with New York Pro Musica; his mother, Patricia, is a member of the John Biggs Concert; his eleven-year-old brother is proficient on cello and recorder.

Another prominent member of the clan is Darius' uncle Pembroke, the famed Broadway conductor. Widely traveled (South America, Europe, Japan, Mexico), Darius attended University High School in

SHORTY LONG

Shorty Long's career is an object lesson in determination. As a very young boy growing up in Birmingham, Alabama, he listened over and over again to recordings of Little Willie John and Johnny Ace and determined that all he ever wanted to do was to sing professionally. To accomplish that end, he sang

at parties, socials and the Birmingham Baptist Church.

But this was not enough for a youngster of Shorty's determination, so he concentrated his extracurricular activities on the school dramatic society and the choir. At the same time, he began his professional training, under such outstanding musicians as Alvin Robinson and the great W.C. Handy.

One night the pianist at "The Old Stable," a nightclub in Birmingham, became ill and Shorty was summoned to fill in. He was paid four dollars for the first night, but he proved so popular a performer that the club held him over for three years — at a higher salary. Later he joined the famous Ink Spots and toured with them for eighteen months. He was on his way.

Along the way, he learned to play the organ, drums, trumpet and harmonica as well as piano. With his training, added to his unique flair for singing in the rhythm and blues style, Shorty Long embarked on a career as a single act. He had his own radio show in Birmingham until 1959, when he moved to Detroit and later joined the Motown family of artists.



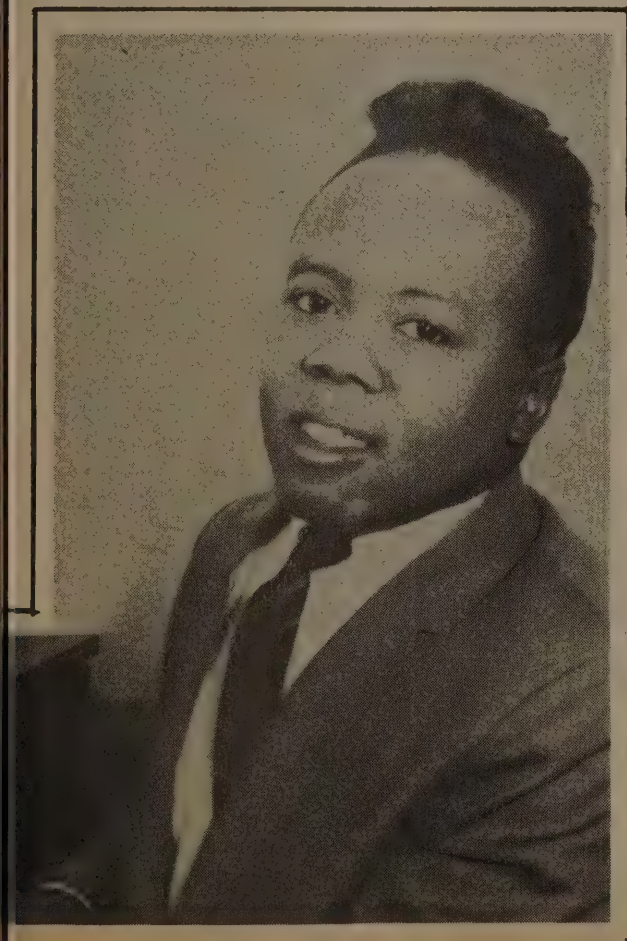
Los Angeles and made his musical debut in a Spring Valley, New York, oboe recital. He was schooled in classical, medieval and renaissance music, and he performed in an all-boy soprano choir at Lincoln Center with Leonard Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic. With Tom Danaher, Darius built Autosalvage.

Rick Turner, lead guitarist with Autosalvage (he also plays banjo and dulcimer), is the son of famed artist Emmons Hamlin Turner. Rick's mother is poetress Phyllis Bertrand Wright. Born in Washington, D.C., he graduated from Moses Brown High School in Providence in 1962 and spent the following year at Boston University. In high school, he was captain of the soccer team, editor of the yearbook, and National Merit Scholarship finalist. Spurred on in music under the recorded influence of Jack Elliott, Leadbelly, Buck Owens and Jimi Hendrix, Rick speaks of the turning point in his career when working with (and for) Ian and Sylvia. From this springboard, he played with various rock groups before joining Autosalvage.

The old man of Autosalvage is Skip Boone of Pinehurst, North Carolina (originally) and New York City. He plays bass guitar and piano with the group, which he joined after a semi-career as actor, disc jockey and musician in Florida. His brother, Steve, is a member of the Lovin' Spoonful, and Skip's wife, Donna Lee, was with the group Northern Light.

Skip attended grade school in Pennsylvania and high school — Ketterlinus and St. Joseph's Academy — in St. Augustine, Florida. He has traveled extensively — mostly in a professional capacity — over the past ten years, and he considers himself in out of the cold with Autosalvage.

Creating the contemporary beat with many of the instruments of the past, Autosalvage, without doubt, knows itself and, thus knowing, is able, as its name aptly implies, 'to save itself.' □



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Noel Redding Interview
(continued from page 25)

pose it's quite a rarity, really, but it's got a fuller sound, the same as a 12-string guitar. You've got the basic notes and you've got the octave notes as well and that makes it that much fuller. It sounded good on the last LP where I did a little bit of soloing, but it's hard to keep it in tune."

In addition, Noel now owns a Mustang bass which he claims he never uses, a Telecaster, a 12-string Fender and a Gibson acoustic. But his favorite remains the jazz bass. "It's all battered but it's great," he said lovingly. "It's the only bass I can really play on." His amps are Sunn: "Because they're louder!" Noel enjoys the chance that the Hendrix group occasionally affords him to escape from the restrictions of playing merely a bass line. "We sometimes do some instrumentals on stage where I play bass half-way through, then Mitch does a break and Hendrix does a basic thing so that

I can solo on the 12-string Fender. It sounded good, actually, the last time we did it, so I must try and get it together again."

Although Noel is a 'looner,' (British word for 'raver' or whatever you call it over there), he is committed to music and rather unhappy to think that the group will not often be playing for the public in the future. He is happy to be writing quite a bit these days because it is a longtime ambition "That's what I want to get into: just writing and playing. Jimi is interested in recording and Mitch — well, no-one knows what Mitch is doing!" he smiled. "I feel that if we stop playing concerts, what are we going to do then? At least I'm attempting to do something. I had one song on the last LP and I'll have about four on the next one so I feel like I'm working at something."

Noel, who will be 23 at Christmas, has been a professional musician since the age of 17, yet in all his years of

experience, (pardon the pun), he can think of very little advice to give to younger bassmen who admire his style. "Just play! Bash it out!" he laughed. "And above all, avoid copying people. I'm so tired of going home and hearing all these groups still playing in that Otis Redding bag. It's all good, and I used to play it but it's all the same. Just keep it up and get your own thing going."

Noel finished his cigarette and ran his fingers through his fantastic mop of Hendrix-inspired hair. "Look," he said, "I'm going to have it cut. How much do you think I should cut off?"

I made a moderate suggestion which he rejected. "I don't really think about my hair, you know," he said with a smile, "I've always had it long. Everybody likes it, so I think I'll just go and have it washed." And with that the most introspective member of the Jimi Hendrix Experience graciously withdrew. □ Valerie Wilmer (latest album/Axis Bold As Love — Reprise)



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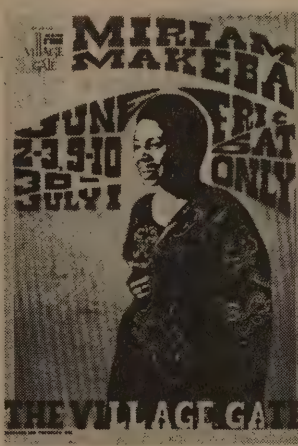
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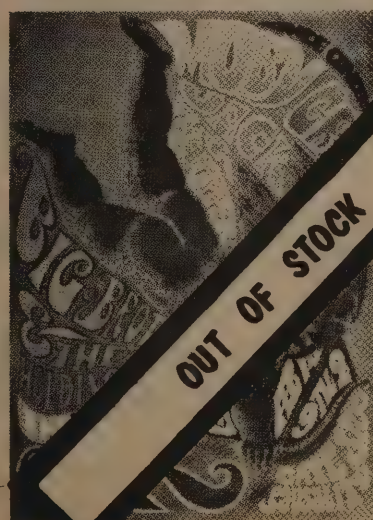
side track
(L-40)



mose allison
(L-37)



miriam makeba
(L-36)



moby grape
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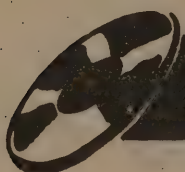
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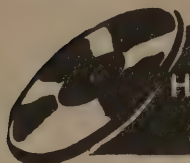
RAIN ON
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CATHEDRAL



GOOD
VIBRATIONS



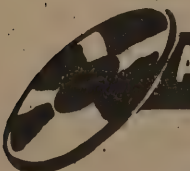
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| 5. I'm Your Puppet | 23. Good Lovin' |
| 6. I Got The Feeling | 24. Kicks |
| 7. Summer In The City | 25. Michelle |
| 8. I Couldn't Live Without Your Love | 26. Tell Me Why |
| 9. Blowin' In The Wind | 27. Can You Please Crawl Out Your Window |
| 10. Warm And Tender Love | 28. Sounds Of Silence |
| 11. Pretty Flamingo | 29. Five O'Clock World |
| 12. See You In September | 30. A Well Respected Man |
| 13. Paint It, Black | 31. Turn Turn Turn |
| 14. I Am A Rock | 32. I Hear A Symphony |
| 15. Red Rubber Ball | 33. But You're Mine |
| 16. Green Grass | 34. Get Off Of My Cloud |
| 17. Opus 17 | 35. Positively 4th Street |
| 18. Girl In Love | 36. Run Baby Run |

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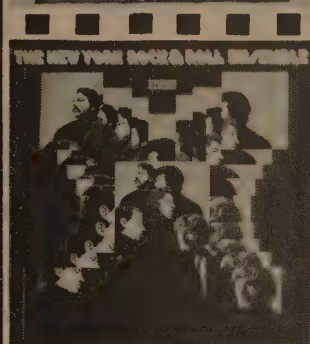
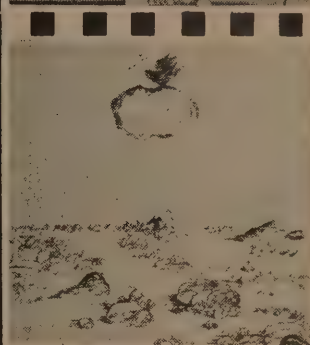
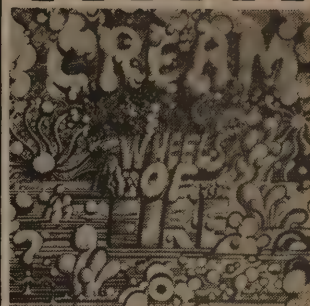
WHEELS OF FIRE was immediately snapped up by every new rock band in the country. They are listening extra close to Clapton's guitar, Bruce's bass and Baker's drums at this very moment. Guaranteed there will be fifty Cream-type bands in a months time all because of this new Cream double album pack. Cream is constantly being criticized for their free interpretations of blues numbers and their individualistic musicianship. How ridiculous. The *Live At The Fillmore* album is a brilliant, unique meeting of musical minds. "Spoonful," sixteen and a half minutes long, is an inspired trip through simplicity, counterpoint and vibrant passion. The *In The Studio* album is more controlled and fancy, but never excessive. This album shows Cream's flexibility and ease in handling past influences. Bruce's bass sounds better than ever dancing all over the music and going to unexpected places. Just let yourself go. (Atco SD2-700)

IN CONCERT is another lovely album by Donovan. His songs easily slip into your heart like the birdsong or the gentle forests he sings about. His music is so uncluttered, so simple, that you might not trust him. He's not loud or hard-sell, he's just there singing the things he knows best. His melodic songs involving man and nature like "Isle of Islay," "The Lullaby of Spring" and "Pebble and the Man" are Donovan at his best - pure, honest imagery - almost sacred. The album was recorded during a live concert and simply shows how relaxed Donovan is with his audience. Wish him a long life. (Epic BN 26386)

THE WORLD OF CHARLIE MCCOY is a collection of good tunes by some of Nashville's heaviest session men. They can play any kind of music you care to name. Here, they stick to pop songs and blues numbers that showcase Charlie's harmonica styles and vocals. The standout gem is "Harpoon Man," a wailing, uptempo, blues, hoedown featuring Charlie's harp. He also does a magnificent job on Little Walter's "Juke." Wait till you hear the way the band interprets "Good Vibrations" and "Uptight." By the way, Charlie and most of the guys in the band are used by Bob Dylan when he cuts in Nashville. A very tasty album. (Monument SLP 18097)

THE NEW YORK ROCK & ROLL ENSEMBLE Shows what can happen to rock when the musicians know music backwards and forwards. These five young men are classically trained so they have the tools to do what they please. The results are quite amazing. Here, and there you'll hear snatches of a sonata or fugue played on chamber music instruments and then dazzling passages of musicianly rock. All the material is original except for one tune by Sebastian Bach. The music has gone beyond experimentation and it's not merely clever. These guys are into something. The next trend in music is obviously - anything can happen. (Atco SD 33-240)

DIRTY BLUES BAND is in between Fleetwood Mac and Canned Heat as far as professionalism goes. They've got to study more styles and licks in order to get a good feel like Heat, however they fill the holes more imaginatively than Fleetwood. There are some loose strings here and there but they manage to hold things together by swinging. They'll definitely get tighter through more gigging and perhaps by listening more closely to the subtleties of the Muddy Waters band. Best songs on the album are "Don't Start Me Talkin'," "Shake It Babe" and "Chicken Shack." (Bluesway S-6010)



WE READ YOUR MAIL

(continued from page 8)

ter it had digested it or something? You must agree it's one of Dylan's best works yet to be heard.

Despite my negative attitude so far, I do enjoy your magazine more than any other. Most of your writers pick the best groups and give interviews which search for musical information instead of how often the person buys underwear.

Please if possible, try and get Hendrix's opinions of Clapton's guitar playing and vice versa. This idea might apply to Bloomfield and George Harrison's opinion as well, even though Harrison isn't in their field. He surely is a fine guitarist and could add a new side to the idea. Besides, who ever speaks to George about anything except Yoga anyway?

Stephen Hubmer
5030 Simon Dr.
Albuquerque, New Mexico

Dear Editor:

First of all I would like to commend you on having such a fine magazine. It is one of the few that I read regularly every month. I play guitar, and I use your magazine as a source of lyrics and news that is happening on the music scene. I have only one complaint about the lyrics — often they are not exactly as they are on the record. Now, I don't know if this is a difficulty experienced from the the copyright owners or what, but it is often confusing to hear something on the record that doesn't sound like the lyrics in the magazine.

I would like to congratulate you on finally having a picture of someone besides the Monkees on the cover. I think they do not have the talent that they are generally built up to have. They simply got a break that I feel should have gone to some other group. Too many magazines on the stands today have nothing but the Monkees and all the great things that they do.

Your articles on the Byrds, Cream, Bee Gees, and Hollies in past issues were very enjoyable. Keep up the good work in this department, because these groups and many others are deserving of all the attention they get. Also, why don't you run some articles on groups of the past, such as the Yardbirds, Them, Beau Brummels, Moody Blues, and Guiltens, to name a few. They were some of the truly great groups of a few years ago. And speaking of groups of days gone by, why don't you publish the lyrics of say one or two oldies each month along with your regular lyrics. I am sure that these would be welcome to people in groups who can't find old lyrics very easily.

In closing, I would again like to say thanks for such a good

magazine and for reading this letter.

Les Kellum
1323 West Jackson St.
Tupelo, Miss.

Dear Editor:

After reading your September issue I came across a letter by one Sol Grubergin.

In a world where everything is so unnatural, the blues is something that is very real. And the above-mentioned application serves only to reveal his ignorance on the subject of both blues and Eric Clapton.

Listen to what Clapton was into nearly three years ago. When everyone was buying surfboards, and the guitar was near death in rock and roll music, he was a member of John Mayall's Blues Breakers.

And this cat has the stupidity to say "Clapton is unimaginative and sounds alike on all his songs." Anyone who reads that letter would probably laugh it off if they knew anything about improvisation, which Clapton is famed for, on both sides of the Atlantic.

I would certainly put (white guitarists) Eric Clapton, Mike Bloomfield, Elvin Bishop and Peter Green on the same pedestal. In my opinion, they all sound completely individual, but they all share the same emotional greatness that has made them giants in the music world.

Clapton has given up a lot, even things like the good reviews by critics, by sticking with people he knows can play music. So I won't even go into the slurs he made about the Cream. I'll just hope that Sol Grubergin will become aware of talent when it's thrown in his face.

Like to thank all the above-mentioned names for letting me write this letter for what is essential true blues artists for anyone with any interest in any kind of good music.

Larry Casolaro
Misty Rd.
Rocky Point, Long Island, N.Y.

Dear Editor:

A few lines from another appreciative reader. At first glance, your magazine would seemingly appeal to the teenyboppers but as it turns out, it aims for the more mature audience.

OK, now to get to the heart of the letter. I have always agreed with your Yech awards, but wow you people really laid me low with June's selection. The psycho stuff may be a drag, but this record was released in Britain in late July at the height of the psychedelic craze. Second, if you will dig other Faces material, you will see that "Itchycoo" was practically the only choral group record they have done. Get into "Tin Soldier" on their first American album. This is a real raver and Steve Marriot rates as a class A vocalist. They are

a very together, tight and self-contained group. "Lazy Sun-

day," their current single in Britain, shows Steve's diversified writing talent as well. I won't go on, lest I sound like an ardent Monkee fan screaming the so-called glories of their favorite group. But, gentlemen, the Faces are an extremely talented group and your Yech award was vastly undeserving.

There is a monster group in Britain named the Move who are fantastic. How about a write-up? The Fortunes are covering their latest hit "Fire Brigade" in the States. Roy Wood is groovy vocalist and writer. These people are deserving.

Recent articles on Cream, Hendrix, Country Joe, Elvin Bishop, Canned Heat and Mothers are appreciated. Keep up the good work. I can excuse occasional mistakes like the Yech award. Above all else, keep a head. Would like to hear from readers interested in the British rock scene which is alive and living.

Greg Weatherby
D-46
APO N.Y.

Dear Editor:

The following letter concerns a drove of pop groups that have been receiving an exceptional amount of idolatry in the letters written to your magazine. As my comments are about to stir a moan of disfavor from the spokes-people of youth, I qualify all my statements by having seen and heard all the groups I am about to mention.

First of all, I will speak of the highly touted Jimi Hendrix Experience. They are an experience, but the only pleasure is derived from its termination. They should follow the cue of the Beatles and abstain from concerts, for it is all too apparent that Jimi cannot play on stage that which he manufactures in the studio. Hendrix & Co. are loud. Very loud. Also they are insincere, distorted, and generally a drag. His group was about as professional as a high school dance band (i.e. mistakes were overflowing). The best part of the Experience is the excellent semi-jazz drumming of Mitch Mitchell. At some points they were genuinely stimulating, only if they weren't so damn loud. By the way, Jimi's voice is hideous and the second album sounds too much like the first.

As if the preceding weren't enough, we shall now look at the Grateful Dead. Lucky for them, most of their notoriety is due to their tragic bust near the end of last year. I purchased their album last year mainly on the claim that they were better than the Airplane. Hell if they are. The guitar of Jerry Garcia, often described by neophyte blues cats as a blues guitar, is heard randomly rocking and rolling through each of the 9 mistakes on the album, but it

says nothing. Oh yes, Garcia sings too-almost. An unpleasant cross between Chuck Berry and Tiny Tim. The rest of the band, lead by the Question Mark-Sam Sham type organ of Pigpen (by the way, if the Dead are supposed to be a group for or of the hippies, why are they so commercial with names like Capt. Trips and Pigpen?) is a shade between mediocre and bad. But in person.... they all play with a watered down form of reckless abandon and display their childlike talents. Each member plays unto himself and none of them listen to each other (allegedly they do... I dunno). Their invitation to the audience to dance is a clever distraction device. Two good things about the in-person Dead are 1) Pigpen is funny to look at 2) Garcia plays the minimum amount of solo.

A few words about the Doors. Their records are overly praised. Morrison is being emphasized too much. They are a great band in person. They have Roby Krieger, who is one of the best guitarists around (not on records though). In person his breaks are highly imaginative and he is by far better than Hendrix. Ray Manzarek and John Densmore are also very capable musicians. Remember Hit Parader, Jim Morrison is only 1/4 of the Doors.

A little on Moby Grape. Who told them they were as good as the Byrds. Candy Rock. Songs are repetitious. Lyrics are trite. Jerry Miller's guitar is too sweet (speaking of Millers how about something on Steve Miller's Band). Bob Mosley's bass is the only worthwhile part of the album.

Last come the all time in person flops, the Rolling Stones. Jagger can't sing. Jones can't play harp. And Richard literally liquidates a blues song. Wyman is very good though. Their "Satanic Magesties" album is thorough garbage. In their misguided quest to be the ultimate in avant garde, they have turned the album into a copy from front to rear. The lyrics are lost in their own clumsiness. Noise, noise, noise.

I withhold my address for fear of being besieged by the tyraide of wounded hero worshippers and semi hipsters. I suggest they forget about their heros and critically listen to music.

Deepest thanks to Hit Parader for publishing this letter.

Alan Franklin
Chicago, Ill.



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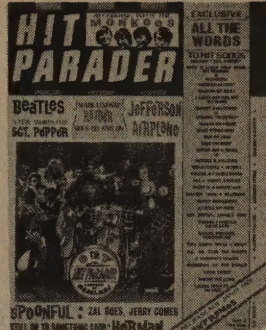
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APRIL, 1967

Young Rascals,
The Cyrkle, Kinks,
Youngbloods,
Wilson Pickett,
Raiders

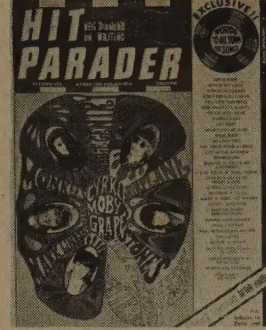
"Ruby Tuesday"
"Kind Of A Drag"
"Green, Green Grass"
"For What It's Worth"
"Snoopy"
"Tell It To The Rain"



MAY, 1967

Beatles Want Out,
Monkees, Donovan,
Royal Guardsmen,
Beach Boys, Who,
Spencer Davis

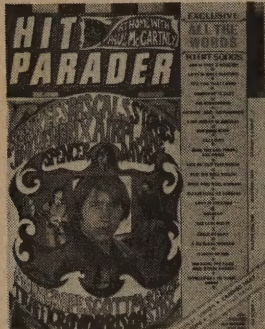
7 Monkee songs
"Penny Lane"
"Epistle To Dippy"
"Darlin' Be Home Soon"
"Kind Of A Hush"
"Love Is Here"



JUNE, 1967

Hollies, Mothers,
Animals, Rascals,
Jefferson Airplane,
Neil Diamond,
Tom Jones, Beatles

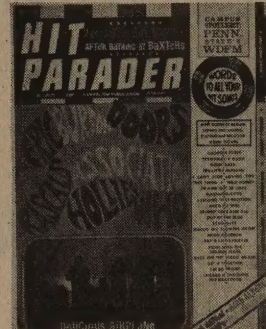
"Bernadette"
"Something Stupid"
"A Little Bit Me"
"59th Street Bridge"
"I Think We're Alone"
"Jimmy Mack"



JULY, 1967

Jeff Beck, Hollies,
Temptations, Cream,
Easy Beats, Monkees,
Spoonful, Joe Tex,
Love, Zappa

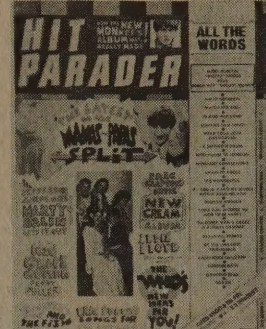
Stones "Buttons" songs
"The Happening"
"Groovin'"
"Somebody To Love"
"Friday On My Mind"
"My Back Pages"



AUGUST, 1967

Jagger On "Buttons"
Turtles, Who,
Donovan, Monkees,
Paul Simon,
Paul Revere

"Six O'Clock"
"Him Or Me"
"Creeque Alley"
"I Got Rhythm"
"Mirage"
"Ain't No Mountain"



SEPTEMBER, 1967

Bee Gees, The Doors,
Moby Grape, Who,
Stax Story, Cream,
Peter Dinklage,
Yardbirds

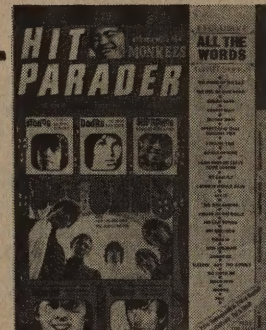
3 "Headquarters" songs
5 "Moby Grape" songs
"C'mon Marianne"
"Tracks Of My Tears"
"Light My Fire"
"Windy"



APRIL, 1968

Smokey Robinson Interview
Beatles' Movie
Buffalo Springfield
Bee Gees
Stones' Album
Rascals' Album
Tim Buckley

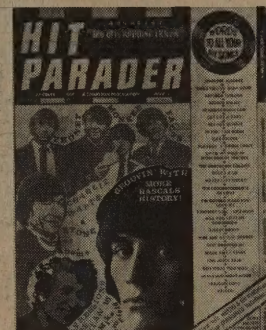
"She's A Rainbow"
"Money" • "Tomorrow"
"Green Tambourine"
"We're A Winner"
"Judy In Disguise"
"Bend Me, Shape Me"
"Sunday Morning"



MAY, 1968

The Supremes
Bee Gees
Lonnie Mack
Pete Townshend
The Doors
Satanic Stones
Monkees At Home

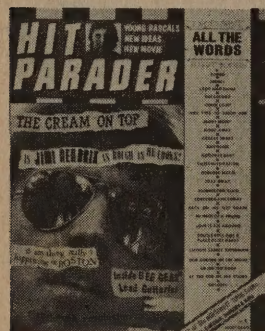
"Dock Of The Bay"
"End Of Our Road"
"I Thank You"
"Valley Of The Dolls"
"I Wish It Would Rain"
"We Can Fly"
"Carpet Man"



JUNE, 1968

Bob Dylan
Otis Redding
Young Rascals
Martha & The Vandellas
The Mothers
Rufus Thomas
Rolling Stones

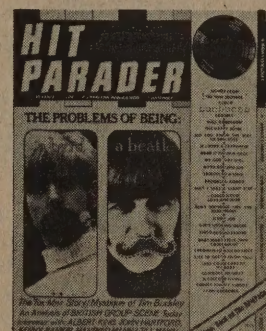
"Valeri" • "Tapioca Tundra"
"Jennifer Juniper"
"Walk Away Renee"
"Unknown Soldier"
"Scarborough Fair"
"If You Can Wait"
"Since You've Been Gone"



JULY, 1968

The Cream On Top
Jimi Hendrix
Moby Grape
Bee Gee's lead guitar
The Rock Revolution

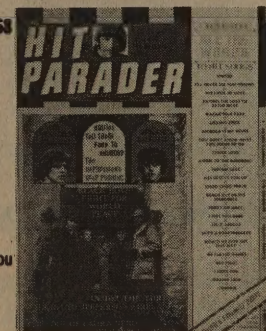
"Honey"
"Lady Madonna"
"Sweet Inspiration"
"Jumbo"
"Jennifer Eccles"
"Forever Came Today"
"Summertime Blues"



SEPTEMBER, 1968

Gassy Steppenwolf
Byrds Interview
Ringo Interview
Rolling Stones
Bob Dylan's new album

Monkee Album songs
"Mrs. Robinson"
"If I Were A Carpenter"
"Like To Get To Know You"
"Wear It On Our Face"
"The Happy Song"
"Friends"



OCTOBER, 1968

Beatles and George Martin
Big Cream Interview
Donovan • Hollies
Beach Boys • Impressions
Turtles • Laura Nyro

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"MacArthur Park"
"Yester Love"
"Choo Choo Train"
"Master Jack"
"I Love You"
"Angel Of The Morning"

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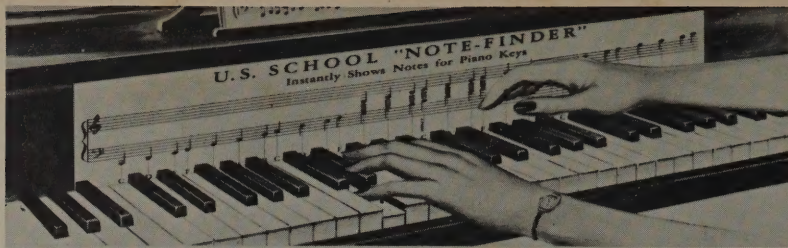
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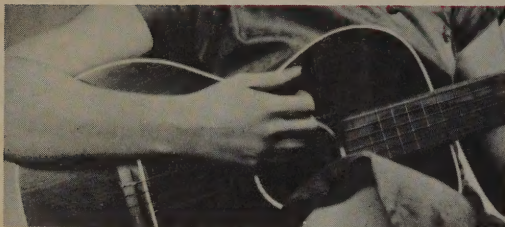
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